
NO CROSS NO CROWN

The Great Journey.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.

The Great Journey:

A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH THE VALLEY OF TEARS,
TO MOUNT ZION, THE CITY OF
THE LIVING GOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE FAITHFUL PROMISER,"
"MORNING AND NIGHT WATCHES," ETC.

"He spake many things unto them in PARABLES."—MATTH. xiii. 3.
"Leaving us an example, that we should follow His steps."—
1 PETER ii. 21.

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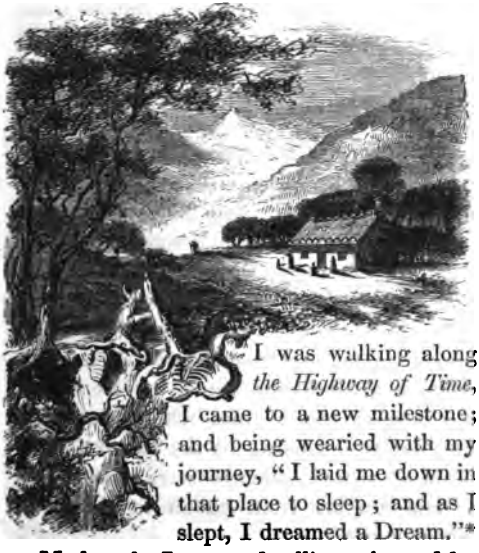
Preface.

The Author feels there is every apology needed for venturing to commit to the press another of the many faint echoes of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. He has been induced to do so from experience of the power which allegory possesses of interesting and instructing youth. This little volume, indeed, dates its origin, and much of its present form, in preparations for an advanced Sabbath class, where the allegorical method had proved pleasing and profitable. If, through the Divine blessing, it should be made the means of conveying some practical and scriptural truths to any young inquirer, he will be willing to share in the censure which, not undeservedly, has fallen on a host of imitators, whose successive failures have only tended to demonstrate and enhance the value of the Great Original.

The Great Journey.

CHAPTER I.



"I was walking along *the Highway of Time*, I came to a new milestone; and being wearied with my journey, "I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a Dream."*

Methought I saw a dwelling, situated by itself in one of the world's secluded valleys.

* *Pilgrim's Progress.*

In front of its simple rustic lintels stood an aged man, pale and agitated. His eyes were pensively fixed on the ground; or if they were occasionally lifted to take a hurried glance at some distant object, it seemed a relief when he could replace them on the green grass at his feet, and resume his deep and expressive thoughtfulness. The tear which now and then involuntarily fell from his eye, read some unwonted tale of sadness; while the other inmates of the household, who were gathered around him, manifested, by word and look, how amply they shared his embittered feelings.

The appearance of their home itself, as well as what was around it, indicated nothing but happiness and enjoyment. The sunbeams, at the moment, were dancing and sparkling in a rivulet which murmured by. A cluster of rugged trees behind were casting fantastic shadows on the sward; while birds of varied plumage were responding to one another from bough to bough in joyous music.

When pondering the possible cause of these strange emotions, I observed some one fast disappearing in the distance, whose

footsteps the group surrounding the cottage door were wistfully following. Their broken accents soon revealed his history. It was a member of their family, who had just bidden farewell to the home of his youth, and commenced, all alone, the world's great pilgrimage! His Father had followed him, a few minutes before, to his threshold, with many benedictions. Warning him to "flee from the wrath to come," he had directed his footsteps to the *Celestial City*, whose shining gates terminated the *Valley of Tears*. "My son," were his parting words, "if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path." Full of filial love, *Pilgrim* (for that was the name of the traveller) had promised a dutiful obedience, and set out, staff in hand, on his journey.

Matth. iii. 7.

Prov. i. 10, 15.

Before proceeding far, he arrived at the outskirts of a forest, through which his path had led. There he found himself in an open space, in sight of two diverse roads, at the entrances to which were gathered crowds of wayfarers, varying in outward

appearance; but whom he at once concluded to be fellow-travellers.

As the footpath he had hitherto been following terminated here, and it was necessary to select one or other of the ways, methought I saw him seated on a stone, close by, hesitating between the two. There was no difficulty in discovering which was the favourite. It was a *Broad* way, without any gate on it. It seemed, also, from its appearance, pleasanter than the other. Shady trees were planted on either side; and the multitudes which were crowding into it seemed light-hearted and happy, with little care on their countenances, and little sorrow in their hearts.

The adjoining way was very *Narrow*, and had a *Strait Gate* at its entrance; moreover, it was frequented only by a small number—a few straggling travellers—and many of these with tears in their eyes, and burdens on their backs.

"I never can think of joining these unhappy wayfarers," said *Pilgrim* to himself, as he rose and advanced in the direction of the *Broad* road. And yet, as he approached nearer the latter, he listened to sounds to

which his ear had been hitherto unaccustomed, and which made him tremble. Travellers, whose several names were *Drunkard*, *Liar*, *Swearer*, *Profligate*, *Infidel*, *Scoffer*, he found, were to be his companions. He called to mind words which had been impressed upon him by a Father's prayers:

Prov. xiv. 12. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death!"

Now I saw that, as he was preparing to retrace his steps, an individual from the crowd came up and accosted him. His name was *Deceiver*, a well-known character to all the *Broad-way-men*, and one of the most powerful vassals of the Prince of Darkness.

"How now, good Traveller!" exclaimed he, with assumed gentleness. "I see thou art faint-hearted, as many before thee have been, in entering this *Broad way*. Tell me the cause of thy fear."

Psalm i. 6. "The way of the ungodly shall perish," replied *Pilgrim*, firmly. "I had almost resolved to select it; but I see abundant reason now for preferring the other, narrow and deserted though it be. I shall, at all events, make trial of that nar-

row entrance. If it disappoint my expectations, it will be no difficult matter to retrace my steps."

"Thou mistakest it, Ignorant Youth," replied the other. "Once enter that gate, and there is no possibility of turning back. The determination once taken can never be recalled. If thou wilt only be persuaded to make trial of the *Broad way*, there is no necessity to pursue it farther than inclination leads thee."

"But how can I possibly enter with such company?" said *Pilgrim*.

"Good friend," said *Deceiver*, still assuming a tone of kindness, "thou seest the worst of the way at its commencement—thy companions will improve upon thee as thou advancest. It is only because thou art not accustomed to such company that thou art averse to it. Moreover," continued he, "though there be one *entrance* to the *Broad way*, there are many footpaths in it. If thou hast a dislike to the openly profane and vicious, there is no necessity to walk in fellowship with them. I shall introduce thee to others more adapted to thy taste."

In an unguarded moment, *Pilgrim* forgot

his resolutions; and, under the guidance of *Deceiver*, was conducted till he arrived at a wicket gate, close under the wall which separated the two ways.

He thought he could not be wrong in attempting this pathway; and yet he could not forget, among the other warnings he had received, that "many *Deceivers* were gone out into the World." But there was no room left for hesitation. Ere long he discovered that he and his guide had been insensibly advancing, leaving the entrance at a considerable distance behind. *Deceiver*, having thus accomplished his object, returned back to exercise upon others the same unscrupulous dissimulation. He felt he could with confidence leave the new Traveller in the hands of those who, similarly duped as himself, had now become confirmed *Broad-way-men*. In one thing his conductor had not misled him. The farther *Pilgrim* proceeded, the less did he feel the aversion, which he experienced so strongly at first, to mingle with his fellow-travellers. Their language—their manners—their tastes, became every day more in accordance with his own. He even began to

2 John 7.

wonder he could have made the selection of this road matter of hesitation. There were, indeed, some moments when a Father's warnings were vividly recalled. Particularly when he happened to be in the company of two noted individuals in the *Broad way*, with bloated faces and haggard looks, called *Profligacy* and *Intemperance.* Often then would living words, with which he had been familiar from his boyhood, sound in his ears: "Upon the wicked He shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup." Or, again: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." He would also, at such times, call to remembrance how his Father used to speak of a day when the *Lord Immanuel* was to be seated on a *Great White Throne*—when before Him were to be gathered all the wayfarers who had ever traversed the *Valley of Tears*—and when He was to say to every worker of iniquity: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." He would remember how he was wont to tell of the end

Psalm xi. 6.

2 Cor. vi. 17.

Matth. xxv 41.

of those who obeyed not the *King of the Way;* and particularly of a *bottomless pit*, at the termination of a dark and deceitful road, where thousands were continually perishing without any hope of mercy. The thought at times would flash across him: Could it be that he was treading this awful Highway?—that, forgetful of a parent's counsels, he was hurrying on to such certain and irretrievable ruin? The fearful possibility occasionally seemed utterly to overwhelm him—he would pause, and tremble, and weep; or, stealing away from the boisterous merriment of his fellows, watch some favourable opportunity, unseen to them, of retracing his steps. This, however, was not so easy a matter. He had already, as I have said, advanced far on the way. The road which had been so broad and spacious at first, was now, in many places, narrow and confined. Fresh travellers were coming in; he was unavoidably carried along with the press; and the attempt to return would only expose him to ridicule. His companions, moreover, found it was no difficult matter to laugh what they called his fits of moping melan-

choly away. And if, on some occasions, these proved more obstinate than at others, they had ever an easy remedy at hand, by enticing him into one of the many *Arbours of Pleasure* erected by the Prince of Darkness along the road. There, amid new fascinations, and carnal delights, they succeeded in dispelling his passing convictions and fears. Thus, day by day, was *Pilgrim* found hurrying along with the crowd—his heart growing less susceptible of impression with every resisted warning. The unhappy victim of a thousand base passions soon had no leisure to inquire whither his footsteps were hurrying him. But, although he knew it not, the *Pit of Destruction* was at hand, and he was about to be summoned to take his stand on its confines.

I saw in my dream, that one night the shadows of evening were closing around, as, weak and exhausted, he found himself at the mouth of a valley. Precipitous rocks, on either side, frowned above his head, and cast an ominous gloom on the path below; while a foaming river, dark and troubled, was hemmed in between their narrow ledges.—It was the *Valley of Death!*

As the traveller entered, a horror of great darkness came upon him. He recollected of being told of a Star—the Star of Bethlehem—which gave light and peace to those passing through. He looked for it now in vain; and the farther he advanced, the more intense was the gloom. The ground began to heave under his feet. Peals of thunder echoed on every side. The lightning's momentary glare only served to disclose to him that he was on his way to *Outer Darkness!* On reaching the end of the valley, he witnessed, straight before him, columns of smoke and flame issuing from the mouth of a bottomless pit. Groans, too, resembling the cries of dying men, were carried to his ear.—"Verily, there was but a step between him and death!"

1 Sam. x. 3.

"What shall I do to be saved? What shall I do to be saved?" exclaimed the agonized man, making a hopeless effort to retrace his footsteps; but, from his weakness, he sunk powerless to the ground. Awful was the spectacle which then presented itself. Hundreds around him were tumbling over the precipice, uttering wild

imprecations; others, already in the gulph, sending up the vain entreaty for a single drop of water to cool their tongues. "O God! have mercy!" they cried; "save us from this place of torment! Our punishment is greater than we can bear." *Pilgrim* had no time to gaze on the scene. The crowds from behind were pressing him, every moment, nearer the brink; and he, also, would have been precipitated headlong into the flames, had there not been within his reach a ledge of projecting rock, which he grasped in the agonies of death. As he continued thus trembling by the side of the abyss, an individual approached, with a dark and gloomy countenance. His name was *Despair*, and a smile of fiendish triumph was seated on his lips.

"Well, good Traveller," said he, addressing *Pilgrim*, "thou hast wellnigh reached the end of thy journey. There is now but one step between thee and perdition, and the quicker that step is made, the better for thyself!"

"Oh! wretched man that I am!" said *Pilgrim*, uttering a shriek of agony; "is there no one who can deliver me from this

abyss of death? Tell me, if thou hast any compassion on a miserable soul, is there no possible way of deliverance from such torments?"

"None! none!" replied *Despair*; "there never was a traveller before thee who ventured to ask such a question; the moment thou entered that Valley thine Eternity was lost!"

"Nay; but methinks," said *Pilgrim*, who was so stupified with terror as to be scarce able to collect his thoughts to reply, "I once heard of one as undone as myself, called *Malefactor*, who stood where I now am, on this dread precipice; and just as he was about to plunge in, he cried out, in imploring accents: 'Lord, remember me!' Immediately a golden chain of grace was let down from heaven, and that day he was with Jesus in Paradise."

"That is but some dream of thine own, unhappy Traveller," said *Despair*. "Hadst thou thought of returning as thou journeyed through the wilderness, or before thou camest in sight of the *Valley of Death*, some hope might have remained; but now all possibility of escape is at an end. Besides,

had the *King* of the *Narrow way* desired thy rescue, He would have stopped thee long ere now. But since He has suffered thee to proceed so far, it shews that He has no wish for thee to turn, but desires thy death."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed a Stranger, arresting the arm of *Despair*, which had just grasped *Pilgrim*, to hurl him into the depths below; "I am sent by King Immanuel," said he; "His minister and messenger to perishing sinners like thyself. Hear, and thy soul shall live!"

"The chief of sinners! the chief of sinners!" cried the agonized man, first smiting on his bosom, and then pointing to the gulph beneath; "there can be nothing for me but this same fearful looking for of vengeance and fiery indignation, which I see devouring the adversaries of God. What else can *I* expect, who have been treasuring up for myself wrath against the day of wrath?"

Romans ii. 5.

"While there is life there is hope," said the other. "I am an ambassador from the court of Immanuel. I carry with me a treaty of peace. Here are the articles of treaty," he continued, unfolding *the Gos-*

pel roll, which he carried under his arm.

2 Cor. v. 20. "And now, as an ambassador for Christ, I pray thee, in His stead, be thou reconciled unto God."

"Alas! alas!" responded *Pilgrim*, in plaintive accents, "thy scroll can contain nothing for me but 'lamentation, and mourning, and woe.' I am a sinner to the very *uttermost;* and my wages are eternal death."

"Listen," said the other, "to what the *Lord Immanuel* has to say to thee." Now I saw upon this, that the messenger opened the roll of parchment, and read to *Pilgrim* as follows:—

Ezek. xviii. 32 "I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth; but rather that he would turn from his wickedness, and live. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?"

Heb. vii. 25. "Wherefore He is able also to save them to *the uttermost.*"

"Salvation to *the uttermost!*" cried the desponding man,—the amazing accents sounding like music in his ear: "Can it be that there is still 'forgiveness with God, that He may be feared?'"

Psalm cxxx. 4.

"With the Lord," replied the other, "there *is* mercy, and plenteous redemption. It is, indeed, of His mercies thou art not consumed; for He might justly have sworn in His wrath, that thou shouldest never enter into His rest. But He sends me to bring thee back from the gates of death, and to proclaim, that it is still 'a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that the *Lord Immanuel* came into the world to save sinners, of whom thou art the chief.'"

Psalm cxxx. 7.

1 Tim. i. 15.

"The chief! the chief indeed!" again cried *Pilgrim;* "'for mine iniquities have gone over mine head;' they are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart faileth me. Am I not a brand plucked from the burning?"

Psalm xxxviii. 4.

Despair made one remaining effort to push *Pilgrim* off the rock, and plunge him into the gulph beneath. But the servant of the *Lord Immanuel* caught him; and he had only consciousness remaining to feel the arms of his deliverer thrown around him, and conveying him whither he knew not.

CHAPTER II.

MY sleep was, for a moment, broken by these strange visions; but as I renewed my dream, methought I saw *Pilgrim* standing before the gate of the *Narrow way* soliciting admission. Above its portals were inscribed, in large characters, the words: "KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED."

As he stood knocking, he observed near him two men, who evidently purposed to be the companions of his journey. There was, however, something about their man-

ner and appearance very unlike what he would have expected from those who were waiting for the opening of the gate. The one, whose name was *Procrastination*, was lying on the grass, half asleep, with his bundle and all its contents carelessly scattered around him. The other, called *Presumption*, was seated at the foot of a tree, humming the words of a song. At first *Pilgrim* hesitated whether he would address them; but seeing no others with whom he could enter into converse, he accosted them thus:—

"You are intending travellers to Zion, good Friends, I presume?"

"We are," replied the strangers.

"Then it is probable we shall journey together," continued *Pilgrim*; "provided, that is, you have no objections I share your company."

"That depends very much," said *Procrastination*, elevating himself, "if thy taste corresponds with ours. From our past experience, there are few of the *Narrow way* travellers who feel disposed to make our acquaintance; and, if I may judge from the way in which thou wert just now

knocking at the gate, there is no great likelihood thou wilt prove an exception."

"I suppose we are at one," replied *Pilgrim*, "in our desire to escape as fast as possible from this place of danger, and get inside the gate."

"True," said *Procrastination*; "it is my firm purpose to be a *Narrow way* traveller, and at last to reach the *New Jerusalem*; but I am not, as yet, inclined to commence the journey. I have not recovered my former fatigues. Before quitting my present resting-place, I must have 'a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep.'"

Prov xxiv.33.

"I would have thee consider well, fellow-Traveller," answered *Pilgrim*, assuming an earnest tone, "if it be safe to trifle any more of that time away which is soon to come to an end.—'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.'

Rom. xiii. 12.

'He that shall come will come, and will not tarry.' If thou resigu thyself to slumber *now*, thou mayest sleep the sleep of death. It is surely time, nay, 'it is high time to awake out of sleep!'"

Heb. x 37.

Rom xiii. 11.

Procrastination made no reply—merely waving his hand and muttering: "Go thy way at this time; at a more convenient season I will think on these things." He gradually sank down, resumed the position from which he had raised himself, folded his arms, and once more was steeped in slumber.

"Thou needest be under no apprehension of our safety," said his companion *Presumption*, addressing *Pilgrim;* "we have placed ourselves, as thou seest, close *beside* the gate. We are so near it that we can enter at any time. I shall take care to keep watch for the coming of the Herald of judgment; and there is just a few paces between us and safety."

"Take care," said *Pilgrim*, "that thou be not deceiving thyself. Thou seemest to have little idea of thine awful and imminent peril. If thou wait till the Avenger of Blood be in sight, before the key be turned in the lock he may cut thee down! Besides, by presuming on the patience of the *King of the Way*, He may leave thee to thy fate, and 'mock when your fear cometh.'"

Prov. i. 26.

"Ah! but I know," replied *Presumption*,

"that *Free Grace* keeps the keys of the gate; and he never yet was known to reject a traveller that applied for admission."

"Not, indeed," said *Pilgrim*, "a traveller who seeks entrance there from love to the *Lord Immanuel;* but to one like thyself, who desires merely to elude the Avenger's sword, and escape coming wrath, I question if he would attend to thy knockings."—"Hark!" continued he, as he heard the sound of footsteps from within, approaching the gate. They were accompanied by a voice, exclaiming: "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!" The bolts were drawn aside, and the bars unloosed. *Pilgrim*, with a heart throbbing with joy, as he saw the door about to be opened, once more urged the two indifferent travellers to cast in their lot with his; but they only repeated their former reply.

2 Cor. vi 2.

"Seeing remonstrance was in vain, he eagerly ran up to the gate, exclaiming: 'Whatsoever others do, as for me, I will serve the Lord!'"

Josh. xxiv. 15.

"Who stands without, knocking?" demanded a voice from within.

"A poor traveller," replied *Pilgrim*, "who received a warrant from the *Lord Immanuel* to apply at this gate for admission."

"What is thy name?" asked *Free Grace*, the Keeper of the gate.

"My hereditary name is *Sinner*," said the other; "my surname, *Pilgrim*."

"What righteousness hast thou?"

Isaiah lxvi 6. "My righteousness," was the reply, "is as filthy rags."

"What plea, then," inquired *the Keeper*, "hast thou to offer?"

"None," said *Pilgrim*, "but this, that

Rev. iii. 17. I am 'wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked:' but I have come here 'to buy of thee gold tried in the fire, that I may be rich; and white raiment, that I may be clothed; and have my eyes, which are still scorched with

Psalm cxviii. 19. the glare of the pit, anointed with eye-salve, that I may see.' Be pleased to open unto me this gate of righteousness, that I may enter into it and be safe."

"This way was made," replied *the Keeper*, "and this gate opened, just for such sinners

Matth. xi. 28. as thou. 'Come in, thou weary, heavy-laden one, and the *Lord*

Immanuel will give thee rest.'" So saying, the gateway turned on its hinges, and disclosed to *Pilgrim* an aged man, with a benignant and heavenly expression.

"For six thousand years," said he, "have I stood at this gate, and been authorized by the *Lord of the Way* to fling it open to weary travellers; and He is as willing now to welcome them in as when first it was opened. His love for sinners the lapse of ages cannot diminish. 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?'"

Gen. xxiv. 31.

Now I saw that he conducted *Pilgrim* within the portico of the entrance. Immediately opposite the door of the lodge in which *Free Grace* dwelt, was a lake or fountain of water, surrounded with trees and shrubs crowned with verdure of surpassing beauty, and which were reflected in many hues of loveliness in the calm surface. Immediately behind rose a temple, on the pinnacle of which was a winged cherub, called *Gospel*, with a trumpet in his hand; with which, at intervals, he sounded the proclamation: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;" while

Isaiah lv. 1.

a choir of youthful voices from below responded: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

Rev. xxii. 17.

"Can this," inquired *Pilgrim* at *Free Grace*, "be the fountain which, a little ago, I heard celebrated in song by some travellers to Zion?"

"It is," said the Keeper; "and before thou advance farther on thy journey, it will be needful for thee to receive a suit of white raiment, washed in its waters."

So saying, he assisted *Pilgrim* in tearing off the remains of his ragged covering of self-righteousness. A robe of white linen, which was steeping in the pool, he dried in the rays of the Sun, and clothed him in it.

Pilgrim stooped over the fountain, and seeing his image reflected in it, he exclaimed, in a transport of holy joy: "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness!"

Isa. lxi. 10.

CHAPTER III.

NOW I saw that the *Keeper*, followed by *Pilgrim*, entered his dwelling by the side of the gate. They ascended together, by a winding stair, to a turret overlooking the rest of the buildings, and whose

window commanded an extensive prospect of the whole *Narrow way*. The walls of this chamber were hung with pieces of armour and coats of mail, which, from their high polish, shone brilliantly in the morning sun. In the centre of the apartment stood a table, with some rolls of parchment lying upon it, and writing materials.

"Here it is," said *the Conductor*, "that travellers receive the whole armour of God, that they may be able to stand in the evil day. See," continued he, pointing to the walls around him, "how amply *the Lord of the Way* has provided for the equipment of wayfarers; and, truly, this is not too much, considering what is before them."

"What!" said the other in astonishment, "methought, when once within this gate those enemies which infest *the Broad way* would annoy its travellers no more."

"Ah!" said *Free Grace*, "thou wilt ere long discover thy mistake. Even he who has been allowed to be the boldest champion that ever trod this way, when he reached the gate of heaven, was covered with the blood and dust of battle. Ofttimes was he heard, in the course of his journey, to exclaim:

'Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'"

Rom. vii. 24.

"But who *are* my enemies, then?" said *Pilgrim;* "so that when they come upon me I may be prepared to meet them."

"That I cannot tell," said *the Keeper;* "their name is Legion, for they are many. Thou wilt have to 'wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.' Their wiles and stratagems will be numerous; sometimes they will contend with thee in open warfare; sometimes they will try to decoy thee from thy path; sometimes they will use flattery; sometimes deceit; sometimes threatening. The great adversary the devil, thou mayest encounter, at one time, in the form of an angel of light, at another, as a roaring lion."

Ephes. vi. 12.

"Alas!" exclaimed *Pilgrim,* greatly alarmed at what he had just heard, "if our foes be thus numerous, which of us can stand? I much fear," said he, with tremulous voice, "that *I* must resign the conflict."

"Yes, truly," said *the Keeper*, "if thou wentest the warfare on thine own charges; but I should have told thee, that the great Captain of salvation, who has been made perfect through suffering, has himself trodden all the way. He has stopped the mouths of many ravenous lions; quenched with His own blood the violence of many fires; turned to flight the armies of many aliens; through death, He has destroyed him that had the power of death, and dragged him in triumph, covered with wounds, at the wheels of His chariot. And now, having thus paved the way, He assures every desponding traveller, that if he only 'put on the whole armour of God, he will be able to stand in the evil day.'" So saying, *Free Grace* took down, one by one, the pieces of armour which hung round the walls of the *Prospect Chamber*, and assisted *Pilgrim* in girding them on. The first he presented to him was a large oval Shield of burnished steel. On the front of it was inscribed a selection of the divine promises; and, in the inside, carved in larger characters, "FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE; BE NOT DISMAYED, FOR I AM THY GOD."

"This," said he, "is *the Shield of Faith*, burnished with the imputed righteousness of *the Lord Immanuel*. So hard is its metal, that the missiles of the adversary will rebound as they touch it, and be able to do thee no harm. Here, again," continued he, "is another part of thy panopoly;" and he put a massive brazen Helmet on his head, whose plumes nodded over his brow. "This is called *the Helmet of Salvation*, wherewith to cover thy head in the day of battle. And this," he continued, "is the *Breastplate of Righteousness*. With it thou wilt protect thine heart, against which (being most vulnerable) the fiery darts of the wicked will frequently be directed."

"And here, again," said he, reaching his hand to a higher part of the wall,—"here is a weapon *of*fensive as well as *de*fensive. It is the *Sword of the Spirit*, without which the rest of the armour would prove ineffectual." *The Keeper* drew out the naked weapon from its sheath. It gleamed flashes of light on the other pieces of armour. "Take this," said he, "in thine hand, and never let it go, until thou be safe within the walls of the New Jerusalem."

"Wilt thou be pleased," said *Pilgrim*, "to fasten the sheath by the girdle which surrounds my waist?"

"Not so," replied the other, "the sheath must remain with me; never can there be a moment in thy journey when that sword can, with safety, be returned to its scabbard, and forsake the hand which grasps it."

"But how, then," inquired *Pilgrim*, "can I retain its polish, and keep in their present brightness the rest of my armour? If they have no covering or preservative, a few hours will corrode them, and render them unfit for use."

"Thou art right," said *Free Grace;* "and I was about to supply thee with what thou desirest." So I saw that he opened with a key, suspended by his side, an ancient oaken cupboard, from one of the shelves of which he brought down a *box*, carefully sealed. "Here," said he, "is a box of *polish*, which thou must never omit morning and evening to use. It is called *Prayer;* and with it thou wilt be able to keep bright and shining 'the whole armour of God.' Be careful, especially in seasons of peculiar danger and temptation, when the enemy is

at hand, to keep rubbing thy *shield*, so as to preserve its brilliancy, and not allow the rust to dim its lustre, or obliterate the promises inscribed on it. These," he continued, "form the principal part of thine attire. Here, too, is the golden *Girdle of Truth*, to fasten round thy waist; to which I shall presently attach a drinking-cup, by which thou mayest refresh thyself at the fountains in the way. Also, the *Sandals of Gospel peace*, which will preserve thy feet from the rough and rugged stones scattered in thy path. And this, last of all, is the *Ring of Adoption*," taking a richly-chased gem from his jewel-box, and putting it on the same hand with which *Pilgrim* held the shield,—"this is the pledge of thy sonship, the earnest of thine admission into the royal family of heaven, and the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

"Behold," said *Pilgrim*, in a transport of adoring wonder, as he listened to the last words which fell from the lips of *Free Grace*,

—"Behold what manner of love
1 John iii. 1. the Father hath bestowed upon me, that *I* should be called the son of God!"

"Yes," replied the other, "it *is* a glorious privilege; the highest seraph in the

Celestial City knows no higher. But remember, that though an adopted son, thou art yet a far way off from thy heavenly Father's house, and it becomes thee now to prepare well for the journey before thee. But come with me," said his *Conductor*, "and ere thou proceed, I shall point out, by means of this large telescope, the country through which thy road lies, and the different landmarks which may serve to guide thee in safety to *Mount Zion*." So saying, he opened the window of the turret, which led out to a little balcony. It commanded an extensive prospect. Lofty mountains in the far distance, on the right and on the left, sparkled in the rays of the mid-day sun; their undulating slopes were studded here and there with towns, villages, and hamlets; the whole forming one great Valley, terminated by the blaze of glory which hid from mortal vision the palaces of *Zion*. In the midst of this scene a mountain soared majestically above the rest of the landscape; and *Pilgrim* observed with the naked eye, and more distinctly with the telescope, that the *Narrow way* led directly up its steeps.

"This valley," said *Free Grace*, "through which thy path lies, is still the *Valley of Tears*,—a continuation of the same which was the place of thy birth, bounded by those bright portals which no human eye has ever penetrated."

Pilgrim endeavoured to direct the telescope to the Gate of Heaven. His eyes, however, could not endure the brightness; but, from the momentary glance, he caught a view of countless myriads of blessed spirits, arrayed in vestures of white, with harps in their hands, and crowns on their heads.

Rev. vii. 13,17. "Who are these," said he, "arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"

"These are they," answered the other, "who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the waters of this same fountain; therefore are they now before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb that is in the midst of the

throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"And methinks," said *Pilgrim*, still looking through the telescope, "that I see, ranged on the turrets of its golden palaces, crowds of spectators, their eyes directed on this *Valley of Tears*, watching the travellers as they journey to *Zion?*"

"These," replied the other, "are the redeemed from the earth—the patriarchs, and saints, and prophets of former generations, who, 'through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises.' Their warfare is accomplished; but they still delight to follow the travellers they have left behind. 'Wherefore, seeing thou also art compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth more easily beset thee, and run with patience the race that is set before thee.'"

Heb. xii. 1.

"Then, from what thou sayest I may feel the assurance," said *Pilgrim*, laying aside the telescope, "now that I am safe within the gate, God's covenanted love shall never be taken from me."

"Seest thou yonder colossal barriers?" said *the Keeper*, pointing to the distant mountains, with their tops resting amid the clouds, as if the emblems of immutability, "*the King of the Way* has Himself declared, that sooner shall these mountains depart, and these hills be removed, than His love be taken from thee, or the covenant of His peace be removed."

Isaiah liv. 10.

"Blessed thought!" exclaimed *Pilgrim*; "enough, surely, to dispel every fear. But what else of the way?"

"Not to detain thee, then," said *Free Grace*: "After leaving this gate, continue to follow the *strait and narrow path*, without deviating to the right hand or to the left. Do not forsake it because of its becoming *too* narrow, or of its assuming a dreary and wilderness aspect. Was it not this which tempted thee at first to stray down the *Broad road*, that there was no seeming beauty nor comeliness in the *Narrow* one to make it desirable?"

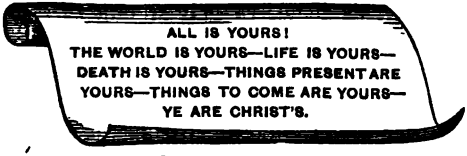
"True," replied *Pilgrim*; "I shall faithfully follow thy directions."

"Well," continued the other, "prosecute this *narrow path* till it brings thee to the

Mount of Ordinances. There thou wilt find a lodging-place, prepared by the *Lord of the Way* for the rest and refreshment of travellers, where thou wilt receive further directions for prosecuting the journey."

On returning to the chamber, *the Keeper* took one of the rolls of parchment which lay on the table, and folding it carefully up, requested *Pilgrim* to deposit it in his bosom, underneath his breastplate. "This," said he, "is thy *Passport and Charter*, written with blood, shed by *Immanuel*, the Son of the Highest, which will be demanded of thee at the Gate of Heaven, and without which entrance cannot be obtained. Many who, like thyself, wish to arrive at the *Celestial City* by a short way from the *Broad road*, try to avoid the *Narrow gate* by climbing over the wall; but having no passport when they arrive at the portals of *Mount Zion*, their plea is rejected, and all the toil of their pilgrimage goes for nothing."

Pilgrim, on unfolding this charter of his spiritual privileges, found it to contain these amazing words:—



Being now fully equipped, and ready for his journey, he descended, in company with his *Conductor*, the stair which led from the armoury. He was just about bidding *Free Grace* farewell, when the latter said: "Hark! hearest thou that distant music?"

Pilgrim listened, and a melodious sound came floating to his ear; but wafted from such a distance as to be scarcely audible.

"What anthem of triumph is that?" inquired *Pilgrim*.

"It is," replied the other, "the joy in heaven over another returning sinner. The first glimpse the Heavenly Watchmen, who crowd the battlements of Zion, caught of thy burnished armour, was the signal for that burst of jubilee. Thine entrance within the *Narrow Gate* will not suffer a harp, this day, there to be silent."

Pilgrim felt greatly strengthened by such a thought; and his *Conductor*, once more

pressing his hand, committed him to the keeping of the *King of the Way*.

"The Lord be with thee," said he, still keeping his arms extended as he pronounced his benediction on the departing traveller,

Numbers vi. 24, 25, 26.

—"the Lord be with thee, and keep thee; the Lord cause His face to shine upon thee; the Lord give thee peace. The Lord be thy stay on thy

Psalm cxxi. 5-8.

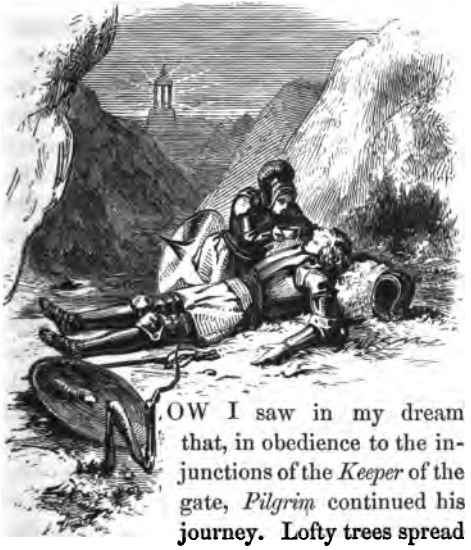
right hand; the Lord suffer not the sun to smite thee by day, nor the moon by night."

Then went *Pilgrim* on his way rejoicing, and saying: "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear what man shall do unto me. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? Who shall separate me from the love of

Romans viii. 35-37.

Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things I shall be more than conqueror. Thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory!"

CHAPTER IV.



NOW I saw in my dream that, in obedience to the injunctions of the *Keeper* of the gate, *Pilgrim* continued his journey. Lofty trees spread their foliage over his head, brooks of water flowed at his side, and, here and there, flowers, said to be transplanted from the gardens of the *Celestial City* by the *Lord of the Way*, filled the air with their fragrance.

As he proceeded, however, the aspect of

the road began to change; the path he had hitherto been following became less defined. Sometimes it lay through a narrow ravine,—sometimes through marshy ground, or intersected with torrents of water,—sometimes it led up steep places; in the ascent of which, had it not been for the sandals with which *Free Grace* had provided him, he would frequently have slipped. He was even, at times, tempted to forget the strict directions he had received, not to deviate from the straight road on account of its ruggedness. But whenever he did so, he had abundant reason for regret. I saw, indeed, on one occasion, in following a forbidden path, that he stumbled, and lost one of his sandals. The shock made him fall with violence to the ground. His shield, too, rolled into the mud. But he forthwith opened his *box of polish* to restore its brightness. This he did on his bended knees, confessing that "he stumbled, being disobedient;" entreating that the *Lord of the Way* would shew him the path wherein he should walk, and "lead him in the way everlasting."

Ps. cxxxix 24.

I observed, that after advancing a consi-

derable way, he was walking, at nightfall, through a retired valley. As he paused, for a moment, to enjoy the quiet scene, his ear was arrested with plaintive cries, at no great distance from the path. They were accents of deep distress. He listened again, and heard the moanings as if of a dying man, accompanied with bitter lamentations. *Pilgrim* being possessed of a feeling heart, forthwith proceeded to the spot whence the melancholy sounds were heard. He had not advanced many steps before perceiving an individual whose similarity of dress revealed him to be a fellow-traveller. He lay covered with dust—blood trickled from a wound in his side—his sword was flung away from him, and he was uttering doleful shrieks and cries. *Pilgrim* could only gather up, in the interval between his sobs, the burden of his lamentation; and the man seemed, for long, unconscious of his presence. "Oh!" exclaimed the melancholy sufferer, as he wrung his hands in agony, and then beat his breast,—"oh! that it were with me as in months past, when His candle shined upon my head, and when, by His light, I walked through darkness!"

Job xxix. 2.

"Alas! poor man," said *Pilgrim*, coming up and trying to comfort him, "what is the cause of thy deep dejection?"

The stranger made no reply, but continued to groan more bitterly, and cry more loudly:

Ps. lxxvii 9. "The Lord hath forgotten to be gracious, and His tender mercies are clean gone for ever."

"What is thy name?" again asked *Pilgrim*, —the tear of heartfelt sympathy rolling down his own cheek.

"My name," said the other, startled by the unexpected feeling manifested by a stranger,—"my name is *Backslider;* and rightly have I been so called."

"How camest thou," said *Pilgrim*, "to lie here in this bed of dust? Where is thy shield?"

"I have thrown it away," replied the other, "because it is of no more use to me. Thou wilt find it yonder," continued he, pointing to a place covered with mud, a few yards from his side.

Pilgrim lifted up a plate of rusted metal, which he never could have recognized to be a shield, once as brilliant and shining as that which he had in his own hand. The

promises inscribed on it were either entirely effaced, or so covered with rust as to be illegible.

"How camest thou," said he, as he returned it to its former owner, "thus to throw away a weapon so indispensable to thy safety, and suffer it to be thus corroded with rust? Did not *Free Grace* supply thee at the *Narrow Gate* with *Prayer-polish*, to keep bright thy whole coat of armour?"

"He did! he did!" replied the agonized man,—the recollection of the fact extracting a deeper sigh from his bosom; "but last night, after I had climbed the steep rock thou must have a little ago ascended, I felt so fatigued that I lay down to sleep, omitting to polish my armour; when I awoke in the morning, not only had the rust begun to cover it, but, lo! on examining my scrip, I found that, during the night, the *box of polish* had dropt out, and had rolled down to the bottom of the precipice."

"But didst thou not return to recover it?" inquired *Pilgrim*.

"No," said *Backslider*. "I felt greatly disinclined again to descend the rock. Besides, there is here close by me a bed of

sand, with which I tried to remove the rust; and it seemed to answer the purpose so well, that I thought I could manage to dispense with my lost *polish*."

"Foolish traveller!" said *Pilgrim*, "to forget so soon the injunctions of the *Porter* at the gate. But how is it that thou dost not turn and recover it without delay?"

"Alas!" replied he, in a tone of deep despondency, "I cannot. I am so weak from the loss of blood, that I am utterly unable to rise."

"How camest thou to receive that wound?" inquired *Pilgrim*.

"In an unguarded moment," said the other, "when I ventured to lay my armour aside, an adversary, called '*Besetting Sin*,' took a deadly aim,—a poisoned arrow sped from his bow, and pierced my heart. For many hours I have been lying here, stretched on this couch of tears and blood, listening to nothing but the echo of my own piteous cries, unable to go even the length of that little brook to moisten my parched tongue. Had the King of the road," continued he, "been intending to save me, He would, long ere now, have given me succour; but 'my

way is surely hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God.' He is justly weary of me, and leaves me to perish."

Isaiah xl. 27.

"Nay, nay, poor sufferer!" replied *Pilgrim*. "'Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? Even the youths shall faint, and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.' 'Wait on the Lord, then; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord.'"

Isaiah xl. 28, 30, 31.

Ps xxvii. 14.

Now I saw that *Pilgrim* ran and filled the silver drinking-cup which had been given him at the gate, with the water of the adjoining brook. He put it to the man's pallid lips. He had no sooner tasted the refreshing draught, than a glow of new life suffused his countenance. His sunken eye revived, and was lighted up with returning animation.

"Whosoever," said the sufferer, as for the first time he spoke in a tone of calm composure, (the tear, not of sorrow, but of

gratitude starting to his eye,)—"whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to a fainting disciple, shall not lose his reward."

Matth. x. 42.

Pilgrim bathed his brow with the cooling draught, washed his wound, and staunched it by applying some fresh linen, which had been given him by the *Keeper of the Gate.* He opened also his Scrip, and shared, with the reviving man, a part of the Bread of Life. Producing his *box of polish*, they united together in endeavouring to restore the corroded shield to its former brightness. Having assisted him in buckling on his armour, and shaken off the remaining dust which adhered to it, he conducted him, once more, to the *Narrow path* from which he had wandered. Here they separated, —*Backslider* to return to recover his lost *polish*; *Pilgrim* to prosecute, without delay, his journey *Zionwards.*

CHAPTER V.

NOW I saw in my dream that *Pilgrim* had entered a richer and more fertile country. The mountains and

valleys which for some time he had been traversing, and many of which were bleak and sterile, were exchanged for a region waving with crops of great luxuriance, relieved, at times, with verdant meadows and wooded slopes. He arrived at a place shadowed, on either side, with trees of enormous size, whose umbrageous tops formed a noble archway over his head; and the walls, which rose on either side, intimated that he was in the neighbourhood of some princely residence. He had not advanced far when he observed the road was terminated by a gateway surmounted with the arms of royalty. The gate was flung open for the free passage of travellers; and on inquiring at the lodge to whom it belonged, he was informed it was the *Palace of the Royal Psalmist of Israel*, who had made provision, in his regal mansion, for the comfort and refreshment of wayfarers to *Zion*.

Pilgrim had now been for some days without sleep, and he rejoiced at the prospect of approaching rest. As he walked along the avenue which led to the Palace, his ear caught melodious sounds proceeding from the interior of the building. He stood

for many minutes entranced with delight, as he listened to the morning orison of praise, in which timbrel, and lute, and harp, and organ, seemed to have combined their richest harmonies in summoning all nature to rise and do homage to its Maker :—

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord from the Heavens :—Praise Him in the Heights.
Praise ye Him, all His Angels :—Praise ye Him, all His Hosts.
Praise ye Him, Sun and Moon :—Praise Him, all ye Stars of Light.
Praise Him, ye Heavens of Heavens,—and ye Waters that be above the Heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord :—for He commanded, and they were created.
He hath also stablished them for ever and ever :—He hath made a decree which shall not pass.
Praise the Lord from the earth,—ye Dragons, and all Deeps :
Fire, and Hail ; Snow, and Vapours ;—Stormy Wind, fulfilling His Word :
Mountains, and all Hills ;—Fruitful Trees, and all Cedars ;
Beasts, and all Cattle ;—Creeping Things, and Flying Fowl :
Kings of the earth, and all People ;—Princes and all Judges of the earth :
Both Young Men and Maidens ;—Old Men and Children :
Let them praise the name of the Lord :
For His name alone is excellent ;—His glory is above the earth and heaven.
He also exalteth the horn of His People,—the Praise of all His Saints ;
Even of the Children of Israel, a People near unto Him.
Praise ye the Lord.

When the cadence of this anthem had died away, *Pilgrim* approached the door,

and on knocking, a servant of the Palace welcomed him in. On entering, he found himself in the centre of a hall, built of the choicest timber from the cedar forests of Lebanon, and hung all round with the trophies of battle. On one side were many gleaming coats of mail, which had been taken as spoil from the giants of Philistia, several of which measured six cubits in length. On the other he beheld the tawny hide of a lion, with the fleece of a little lamb by its side,—the memorials of some hard won encounter with this monarch of the forest. A few stones suspended in a sling, hung over an enormous javelin, whose staff was like a weaver's beam, and read the story of a bloody encounter, in which the prowess of some daring champion had been humbled by a few pebbles from the brook.

After gazing on these, *Pilgrim* was conducted by the attendant to the hall from which the music proceeded, and which still rolled on in solemn grandeur. When he entered, he beheld an aged monarch, his head silvered with years, seated on a golden throne, with a harp in his hand. Around

him were collected groups of singers and choristers, performing on different instruments.

The Royal Psalmist cast a glance at the stranger; but without interrupting the sacred song, he beckoned on him to come and join their chorus: "Oh! magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together. Come, ye that fear the Lord, and tell what He hath done for your soul."

Ps. xxxiv. 3.

Ps. lxvi. 19.

"I sought the Lord," said *Pilgrim*, unable any longer to keep silence, "and He heard me, and delivered me out of all my fears. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

Ps. xxxiv. 4.

Psalm xl. 2.

The Psalmist converted this into a new theme of thanksgiving, and again he awoke his harp-strings:—"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." "Oh! fear the Lord, ye His saints; for there is no want to them that fear Him. The young lions do lack and suffer hunger; but they that wait on the Lord shall not lack any

Ps. xxxiv. 6, 9-14.

good thing." And then, turning to the bands of youthful choristers below, he continued his song: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile; depart from evil, and do good. Seek peace, and pursue it."

Sometimes a more plaintive chord was struck; and the recollection of bygone transgression, coming before the mind of the aged monarch, would draw a tear to his eye. At other times, not himself, but the triumphs of the *King of the Way* formed the burden of his song: "Thou hast ascended on high. Thou hast led captivity captive. Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." At others, his eye, glowing with prophetic fire, would make the chords tell of the glories of a millennial morning, when, instead of a few solitary travellers, the *Narrow-way* would be crowded with *Pilgrims to Zion*, and the *Lord Immanuel* would be exalted on the throne of universal empire. "He shall

Ps. lxviii. 18

have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before Him, and His enemies shall lick the dust. The kings of Tarshish, and of the isles, shall bring presents. The kings of Seba and Sheba shall offer gifts. His name shall endure for ever. It shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him. All nations shall call Him blessed."

When these majestic notes had died away, *Pilgrim* was conducted by his attendant to a chamber in the Palace, where he had prepared for him water to wash his feet, and refresh himself.

"How often does your Royal Master," inquired he, "engage in these exercises of devotion?"

"Seven times a-day," answered the other, "does he praise God, because of His righteous judgments. Often does he 'meditate upon Him in the night-watches,' and at midnight rises to give thanks to Him for His mercies!"

Ps. cxix. 164.

Psalm lxiii. 6.

On his return to the banqueting-hall, he

shared with the aged king "a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees; of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." Besides these, there was a plate of heavenly manna, gathered in the pleasure-grounds of the Palace; a jar full of pure water from the *Fountain of Salvation*, and honey from the rocky sides of *Mount Pisgah*, which, from the window, rose full in view. When the banquet was finished, the Monarch poured some of the living water into the cup of salvation, saying: "Let us take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. Let us now pay our vows together, in the presence of His people."

Ps cxvi. 13.

I saw that the guest and his entertainer, as they continued sitting together, encouraged one another with conversation touching the *Lord of the Way*, and the glories that were in keeping for His travellers. "What shall we render," exclaimed *Pilgrim*, bursting into a transport of holy gratitude for the rich provision which was set before him,—"what shall we render unto God for all His benefits towards us?" "Bless the Lord, O

Ps. cxvi. 12.

Psalm ciii. 1.

my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name!"

"I will sing," exclaimed the other, "unto the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praises to my God while I have my being." "Oh! how great is His goodness, which He has laid up for them that fear Him; which He has wrought for them that trust in Him before the sons of men!"

Ps. cxlvi. 2.

Ps. xxxi. 19.

"The sorrows of death," said *Pilgrim*, again detailing the wonders God had done for him,—"the sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then I called upon the name of the Lord. O Lord! I beseech thee, deliver my soul." "He delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling; and He hath now set me in a large place, and delivered me, because He delighted in me. He hath fed me also with the finest of the wheat; and with honey from the rock hath He satisfied me." "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for

Ps. cxvi. 3, 4.

Psalm lxvi. 8.

Ps cxviii. 5.

Ps. lxxxi. 16.

Ps cviii 31.

His goodness, and for His wonderful works unto the children of men."

Ps. xxxvii. 25. "I have been young," responded the aged monarch, detailing, in his turn, the experience of an eventful life,—"I have been young, and now am old; yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken,

Ps. cxlvi. 5. nor his seed begging bread. Happy is he who hath the God of Jacob for his help: whose hope is in the Lord his God."

With such themes of converse the *Psalmist of Israel* and the traveller to Zion regaled themselves at the close of the day. Night was beginning to close around them. Rock, and forest, and mountain, which were spread before them in the extensive prospect from the window of the banqueting chamber, began to be enveloped in its sable covering. Soon after, the sky was bespangled with stars, and the silvery moon rose behind the summit of *Mount Pisgah*. The Psalmist, with his harp in his hand, conducted *Pilgrim* out to a large balcony in front of the window. The harp-strings were once more awoke; and amid the stillness of night, the air was again vocal with praise.

"The heavens," commenced the aged king, joining his voice with the music,—

Ps xix 1, 2. "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth forth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

Ps viii. 3, 4. "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

Their evening ascription being ended, *Pilgrim* was again conducted to his sleeping apartment, where he mused in gratitude on all the goodness and mercy which had been made to pass before him; and having imparted a brighter than ordinary polish to his armour, he cast himself on his couch, and closed his eyes in slumber. His sleep was crowded with dreams of the preceding day; and he continued to enjoy his soothing rest undisturbed, until an early hour in the morning, when, once more, the soft cadence of the harp stole upon his ear. Raising himself from his pillow, he listened. It was the aged monarch already begun his

orisons. The words reached him: "My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord! in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." "I laid me down and slept; I awaked: for the Lord sustained me!" "My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning. I say, more than they that do watch for the morning!" "When I awake, I am still with Thee!"

Psalm v. 3.

Psalm iii. 5.

Ps. cxxx. 6.

Ps. cxxxix. 18

Pilgrim could joyfully have tarried many days on this spot of holy ground; but he saw it would be needful for him to prosecute his journey. He resolved, therefore, to set out without delay, in hopes that the morrow's dawn would find him on the summit of *Pisgah*, across which his pathway led, and from whence he would obtain a nearer glimpse of the *Land of Promise*, and the *Celestial City*. Accordingly, having anew girded on his armour, he bade his Royal entertainer an affectionate farewell. The aged Psalmist once more embraced his guest, and committing him to the keeping of the *King of the Way*, invoked on his harp

a benediction on his departure: "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion. Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt-sacrifices. Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel." *Pilgrim* proceeded on his journey till the last faint sounds of the melody died away on the morning breeze. He was soon once more outside the gate in the depths of the forest; but, full of faith and hope, "he went on his way rejoicing."

CHAPTER VI.

NOW I saw in my dream that *Pilgrim* continued to pursue, for many days, his path unobstructed; his heart filled with "all peace and joy in believing." His way led through a rich undulating country, where quiet rivers wound their way through wooded knolls and verdant meads.

Shepherds and their flocks were every here and there reposing on the meadows, or seeking shelter from the sultry heat amid the thickets which fringed the margin of the streams. *Pilgrim* delighted at times to enter into conversation with them; and often did they sing together words with which he had become familiar in the Palace of the sweet Psalmist of Israel: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His own name's sake."

Ps. xxiii. 1-3.

But though now enjoying these periods of spiritual refreshment, he was soon to be reminded of the great truth of which he had been forewarned by the *Keeper of the gate*, that the pathway to the *Celestial City* is one of "much tribulation."

Rev. vii. 14.

After advancing some days on his journey, he beheld in the distance, in the very centre of the *narrow way*, a large fire, resembling a blazing furnace. It was called "*The Furnace of Affliction.*" On reaching it he trembled with fear, his knees smote one against

the other,—the *Shield of Faith* fell with its face to the earth, and he wrung his hands in despair. Standing with his eyes fastened on the ground, they happened to glance on the inside of his shield, on which he read the inscription: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. When thou passest through the *Fire*, thou shalt not be burned." With this promise of the *Lord of the Way*, he tried to resume his courage, and made an effort to lift up the weapon, which, from its fall, was covered with the mire of the road. But his hand again fell powerless, and he himself sunk to the earth! Now I saw, as he thus lay fainting under the heat of the fire, and terrified at the thought of being obliged to pass through its flames, a stranger was seen approaching. It was a female figure clothed in a sable robe, with a meek expression on her countenance. Her name was *Resignation*. She came up with slow and silent step, and addressed *Pilgrim* thus:—

Isaiah xliii. 1, 2.

"Think it not strange, afflicted traveller, concerning this fiery trial that is to try thee, as if some strange thing happened unto thee; but rather rejoice."

1 Peter iv. 12.

"How can I rejoice," said *Pilgrim*, his voice quivering as he spoke, "to plunge into tormenting flames?"

"Nay, nay," replied *Resignation*. "Thou mightest have known that the *Lord Immanuel*, whose nature and whose name is Love, would never have placed *that* on the way which would destroy those He has bought with His own blood."

"Is it not the property of fire," replied *Pilgrim*, "to destroy?"

"Yes," said the other, "there are fires for destruction, but there are fires for purification also. The flames in the bottomless pit, which once thou sawest, are flames to consume; but these," continued she, pointing to the furnace before her, "are flames to refine. And the light sufferings they inflict, which are 'but for a moment, will work out for thee a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

2 Cor. iv. 17.

"But," said *Pilgrim*, "I have no strength of my own for passing through this awful furnace!"

"Fear not!" replied *Resignation*; "the *Lord of the Way* has promised to 'perfect

His strength in weakness.' Nay," said she, pointing to the centre of the flames, "seest thou not in the midst of that burning fiery furnace 'one like unto the Son of God?' Immanuel himself, who was made perfect through a furnace of suffering, more scorching far than this, waits to conduct thee through. Only be strong, and of a good courage; gird on thine armour, walk boldly forward, and a hair of thy head shall not be singed."

Dan. iii. 25.

Deut. xxxi. 6.

"But," continued *Pilgrim*, his faith still wavering, "is there no by-road which *the King* has provided, by which travellers may avoid this great and unnecessary evil?"

"Call it not unnecessary, faithless one," said the other; "hadst thou not, in thy trepidation, thrown away thy shield among the mud of the way, thou wouldst have read, as one of the most comforting of all the promises inscribed there: 'I afflict not willingly, nor grieve the children of men.' That fiery furnace would never have been there could it have been spared."

Lam. iii. 33.

So saying, *Resignation* lifted up the shield from the mud. She applied to *Pilgrim* for

the *Prayer-polish* to restore its brightness, and recover to view the many obliterated promises which covered its face. He sprung up from his posture of weakness, and once more assayed his armour. "It is deep ingratitude in me," said he, addressing the stranger, "thus to distrust the *Lord of the Way*, when I remember what great things He hath done for me in times past; and therefore, now I shall resolutely 'go in the strength of the Lord God.' 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

Ps. lxxi. 16.

Job xiii. 15.

Now I saw that *Pilgrim* immediately rushed into the midst of the furnace, *Resignation* following him. He uttered a few cries from their smartings; but He whose form he had seen in the midst of the fires, supported him with His arm, divided the flames before Him, and whispered words of peace in his ear. He gave him some ointment, called "*Grace*," to enable him to bear the pain, and put a bracelet on his arm, as another pledge of adoption; on which *Pilgrim* afterwards found the inscription: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

Moreover, with a censer full of much incense which he held in his hand, he perfumed his person, and gave a perpetual efficacy to the *Prayer-polish*. And after pointing him upwards to the top of the *Mount of Ordinances*, saying: "There I will meet with thee and commune with thee from off the Mercy Seat," he vanished out of his sight.

No sooner had *Pilgrim* come forth from the furnace, than he broke out into a song of triumphant joy: "It was good for me that I was afflicted!" "God has been my refuge and strength, a very present help in the time of trouble." "Thou hast upholden me by Thy right hand." When I said, "My foot slippeth, Thy mercy, O Lord, held me up." "Heart and flesh faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever!"

Ps. cxix 71.
Ps xlvi. 1.
Ps. lxxiii 23.
Ps. xciv. 18.
Ps.lxxiii. 26.

Looking to his armour, it shone with a greater lustre; the plumes of his *helmet*, which had lost their original hues by being covered with the dust of the way, were purified; his *sword*, bedimmed by long ex-

posure, gleamed with fresh brilliancy; the rust contracted in the plates of his armour, was removed by the flames. He himself had acquired fresh ardour for his journey; and memory long continued to cherish the *furnace* as a place of "reviving and refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

Acts iii. 19.

It was now evening, and he was approaching the base of *Mount Pisgah;* the full moon had again risen on its rocky steeps, and vied with the fires he had just left behind him in lighting up his path. *Resignation,* before parting, directed him on the way; and though the mountain was lofty, and almost precipitous, he felt such enlargement of heart that, ere long, he found himself in safety on the summit. The pale moonbeams just shed sufficient light to conduct him to a grotto hollowed out in the rock, where a natural couch was formed. On this, after covering himself carefully with his shield, he flung himself down to rest; and in a few minutes his eyes were closed in slumber, not without a longing expectation of the prospect awaiting him on the approaching morning.

Now I saw in my dream, that when the morning began to break, *Pilgrim* started from his couch; and having carefully polished his armour, and buckled it on, he came out of the grotto which had formed his nightly resting-place. The sun was pouring a flood of light on the valley at his feet, and which, in the far distance, was terminated by the glittering palaces of *Mount Zion*.

Behind him lay the long road he had lately traversed, with its varied landscape of forest and mountain. When he thought of the way by which the Lord had led him, —of the difficulties he had overcome, the enemies he had vanquished, the seasons of refreshment he had enjoyed,—he could not refrain following the example of other travellers, by setting up a stone of remembrance at the mouth of his grotto, with this inscription: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

1 Sam. vii. 12.

Never, as yet, during the course of his journey, did *Pilgrim* feel such enlargement as here. The previous night of weeping and affliction was well worth enduring, on account of the joy that now came in the morning. The pure atmosphere he breathed,

far above the vapours which overhung the path below, gave him a buoyancy of spirit to which before he had been a stranger; nor could he forget that much of this holy joy he owed to the refining furnace, through which he had so lately passed, and which, at the time, had appeared so terrible.

Now I saw that he repaired to an eminence, which, being immediately adjoining, often gave its name to the entire mountain. It was called the *Mount of Ordinances.* Here he found an arbour erected for the refreshment of travellers, hollowed out of the living rock, blooming with flowers of varied loveliness, which had been transplanted by the *King of the Way* from the gardens of the *Celestial City.* On a little table in the centre was placed some bread and wine, of which travellers were invited to partake, as memorials of His dying love, as well as for the nourishment of their own souls.

The words were chiselled on the rock, above the entrance: "Do this in remembrance of me." On entering, he found himself welcomed by a servant of the *Lord Immanuel,* with the Gospel Roll in his hand.

Luke xxii. 19.

"Welcome," said the latter, "to this gracious feast the *Lord of the Way* hath provided for thee: 'Eat, drink! Yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!'"

Cant v. 1.

Pilgrim gladly partook of the gracious provision. "Surely," exclaimed he, as he broke in his hands the heavenly manna,—"surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not; this is none other than the house of God; this is the very gate of heaven!"

Gen. xxviii. 16

"The Great Captain of thy salvation," said the other, "delights to meet thee on this holy ground of Communion; and in these emblems gives thee tokens of His love, and pledges that that love shall never be withdrawn. Here thirsty travellers are refreshed, troubled ones comforted, the downcast revived, and the weary and heavy-laden obtain rest."

"'Lord, evermore,'" exclaimed *Pilgrim*, as he continued to partake of the feast spread before him,—"'Lord, evermore give me this bread!' I have more joy than the men of the world have, even when their corn, and their wine, and their oil, do most

John vi. 34.

Psalm iv 7.

2 Tim. i. 12. abound; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him!"

"*The Lord Immanuel*," continued the other, "desires to make this not only a place of *Commemoration*, but a place of *Covenant*. While He seeks that these memorials should remind thee of His dying love, He desires thee also to renew here thy engagements to be His only, and His wholly, and His for ever!"

Then did *Pilgrim*, rising from the table, and lifting up his hands, sware by Him who liveth for ever and ever, that "whatsoever

Josh. xxiv. 15. others do, as for him he would serve the Lord!"

Ps. cxix. 106. "I have sworn," said he, "and will perform. 'Who shall separ-

Rom. viii. 26. ate me from the love of Christ?' I will follow Thee, O Great Captain of my salvation! whithersoever Thou seest meet to lead me. 'Where Thou goest

Ruth i. 16. I will go, and where Thou dwellest I will dwell; Thy people shall be my people.' Yea, death itself shall not separate between Thee and me!"

"*The Lord Immanuel*," replied the other, "accepts the vows thy lips have uttered, and by these outward tokens, ratifies, on His part, all the blessings of the *Covenant*." So saying, methought I saw the ambassador of the King taking the charter which *Pilgrim* had received from *Free Grace*, and sealed it afresh with a golden seal, or signet; the motto on which was: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of Life!"

Rev. ii. 10.

Precious to *Pilgrim* were these moments of intercourse on the *Mount of Ordinances*. Often would he interrupt the conversation, and exclaim: "Lord! it is good for me to be here!" At last they began to descend the mountain path, —the Lord's ambassador embracing him, and exhorting him to run with patience the race still set before him. "What time soever," said he, "thy heart is overwhelmed, and in perplexity, look back to this *Mount of Ordinances*, and remember the glorious things which thou didst there see and hear."

Matth. xvii. 4.

Heb xii 1.

"What!" said *Pilgrim*, in astonishment, "dost thou speak of sorrow, and perplexity,

and darkness, as yet awaiting me? Methinks this holy joy which now I feel, can never be clouded. No man will ever be able to take it from me."

"Alas!" replied the other, "thou knowest little of the pilgrimage in which thou art engaged, if thou dost suppose thy struggles and conflicts at an end. Seest thou," continued he, pointing to the golden towers of the *New Jerusalem*,—"seest thou yonder shining battlements? never shall thy spiritual joys be complete, never shall thy conflicts cease, until thou art safe within these gates!" This season thou hast now enjoyed is only a transient foretaste, to refresh thy spirit. It would not be well were it otherwise. Were no cloud to disturb thy present joys, it would lead thee to forget thy dependence on an arm stronger than thine own, and to think thou hadst strength when thou hast none. No, no; thou must not yet speak of *rest*,—that is not a word for earth. It is known only in heaven. Often still in this Vale of Tears wilt thou be covered with the scars of battle. Canst thou not, even now," continued he, pointing to a remote part of the landscape, "discern that dense

smoke? There lies the *City of Carnality*, the chief stronghold of the *Prince of Darkness*, wherein many a hapless traveller has perished. The *Narrow way* passes right through its streets; and its inhabitants, who are known by the name of '*Worldlings*,' will lay wait for thee, and try to sift thee as wheat. But fear not! The *Lord of the Way* will be with thee. He has prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not. His grace will be made sufficient for thee; only be strong, and of a good courage, and the rest that remains for thee within the gates of *Zion* will be all the sweeter and more refreshing, by reason of the conflicts which have preceded it."

Luke xxii. 31.

2 Cor. xii. 9.

So saying, he pronounced his benediction of peace; and *Pilgrim*, with tears of mingled joy and sorrow, parted from him to prosecute his journey. He felt this season of *communion* an earnest of what was awaiting him within the gates of the *Celestial City*, when he would be "for ever with the Lord." Full of thankfulness, he went on his way praising and blessing God for all the things which he had heard and seen, singing, as he went

along, one of the loveliest of those songs which had been taught him by the Sweet Psalmist of Israel:—

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me;
Let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.
Then will I go unto the altar of God,—unto God my exceeding joy:
Yea, upon the harp will I praise thee,—O God, my God.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?—and why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope in God: for I shall yet praise Him,—who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

CHAPTER VII.

NOW I saw in my dream that, as evening drew on, *Pilgrim* was desirous of pausing at the nearest resting-place to obtain lodging for the night. Wreaths of smoke ascending in the calm sky directed him to a village in the distance, embosomed in wood. The last beams of the sun were falling on its humble abodes as he approached. Here and there the

lights in the little oriel windows, blending with the lingering sunbeams, proclaimed the return of the peasant from his toil; while, at times, the simple notes of the evening hymn of praise were wafted to his ear.

Approaching the first cottage of the hamlet by a wicket gate, he knocked and solicited admission.

"Who stands without?" demanded a gentle voice from within.

"A traveller to Mount Zion," replied the other, "who is fleeing from the 'wrath to come,' and claims from a stranger that hospitality which was never denied by one humble follower of the *Lord Immanuel* to another."

"Neither shall it be so now," said the speaker, unbarring the door, and disclosing the figure of an aged female, simply attired. Her name was *Poverty;* and a little handmaid, called *Contentment*, shared with her the frugal comforts of her lot. On the entrance, above the doorway, he observed these words inscribed:—

"A little that a just man hath, is better
Than the riches of many wicked."

Now I saw that, after assisting *Pilgrim* to wash his feet, and providing him with necessary refreshment, they entered into mutual converse about their respective history and condition.

"You seem," said *Pilgrim*, addressing the elder of the two, "to be strangers to many outward comforts; and yet, methinks, happier disciples of the *Lord Immanuel* I have not seen in the course of my journey."

"We are poor in this world," replied *Poverty*; "but God has made us to be rich in Faith, and heirs together of the kingdom of heaven. I feel, that in this village of *Godliness*, with my handmaid *Contentment*, I have 'great gain.'"

James ii. 5.

"But methinks," said *Pilgrim*, "I remember one of your name, perchance a kinsman of your own, a *Broad way* traveller, who seemed of all men the most miserable. He was accompanied by two associates, called *Improvidence* and *Vice*, and was an object of abhorrence even to the worst of the *Broad-way-men*.

"Alas!" replied the other, "if bereft of *God*, I would be bereft indeed; no condition is there more pitiable than godless poverty,

none more blessed than poverty when sanctified. 'The Lord is my portion,' and I feel I need no other."

"Enviable lot!" said *Pilgrim*. "Thou also seemest to be blest with devout neighbours: but, if poor as thyself, I see not how, in the midst of their daily toil, they can find time for the service of the Lord Immanuel."

"Where there is a will there is a way," replied the other. "Thou wilt generally find the man who is most diligent in business to be most fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Besides, in our lowly estate, as there are fewer prizes which worldly ambition holds out to us, we have greater inducement to seek our treasure in heaven—we have fewer of the 'many things' about which to be 'careful and troubled;' and have more leisure to think of the 'one thing needful.'"

"Methinks, also, in that precious volume," continued *Pilgrim*, pointing to the sole occupant of the table,—"methinks, in that great Guide-Book to Immanuel's land thou wilt find much to make thee rejoice that this lowly condition has been thine."

"Yes, indeed," replied she, "our lot *is* a

blessed one, inasmuch as in its very lowliness we are like our Divine Master. The *Lord Immanuel* was himself a *Poor Man.* For our sakes He became poor;—so poor, that 'while the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, the Son of Man had not where to lay His head.'"

2 Cor. viii. 9.

Matth. viii. 20.

"Most true," said *Pilgrim.* "Besides, I have always thought it one of the wonders of that Sacred Volume," pointing to the Book at their side, "that it is emphatically the *poor man's.*"

"Yes, verily," replied *Poverty;* "while it contains truths the noblest and sublimest, it contains truths so plain and simple that the humblest can understand them. I feel, when reading of prophets and apostles, and of the Lord of Apostles, that I am following the footsteps of the poor. Thus I see that poverty can have no disgrace, for it was honoured and sanctified by the *Lord Immanuel*, himself, who chose it as His only birthright."

Thus *Pilgrim* continued his conversation with these humble strangers, till the fatigues of the day induced him to retire to

rest. As morning dawned, he once more resumed his journey, leaving behind a memorial of gratitude for the kindness bestowed on him; and receiving, in recompense, the parting benediction of grateful hearts: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

Psalm xii. 1.

Now I saw in my dream that he pursued his journey without interruption till nightfall. His path led through a succession of wooded glades, intersected occasionally with marshy ground. As he proceeded, the country began to have few traces of human habitations, until even a shepherd and his flock were rarely seen to relieve the solitude; and the only refreshment he himself could obtain, was at the streams of water which, now and then, crossed the way. As the shadows of evening began to fall, he arrived at a secluded place, in the centre of a forest, where was a large building, called "*The King's Hospital.*" Thither travellers who had grown weak or faint, or had been wounded by enemies, resorted for cure to "*the Great Physician,*"—by which name the *Lord Immanuel* was here known. Nor was it confined to *Narrow-way-*

men only; occasionally some *Broad way* travellers, wounded by *the arrows of conviction*, or fainting under trial, sought shelter in it. But in their case the residence was brief; for, not submitting to the *Physician's* cure, and preferring false ones of their own, they soon returned to the *way of destruction*.

Now I saw that one of the servants of *the Great Physician* conducted *Pilgrim* to a large hall in the *Hospital*, filled with beds and couches, on which the sick and wounded were laid. Some of these were groaning heavily; others were lying with pallid lips and sunken eyes, scarce able to endure the feeble light admitted from above; others cast an imploring look of mercy towards the door as they saw the stranger enter.

"We shall go," said the conductor, "first to the ward where the more hopeless patients are laid. They are *Broad-way-men*, driven here by fear, or often by the stunning blow of trial, to take temporary refuge; but 'they endure only for awhile.' Their hearts get hardened, and the latter end is worse with them than the beginning! But follow me," continued he, "perchance the admonition of a *Narrow way*

Mark iv. 17.

traveller, like thyself, may induce them to think of their awful peril and danger."

The first bedside at which they stood was that of a patient called *Self-Righteousness.* "This," said *Pilgrim's* guide, "is a man who now fancies himself 'rich, and having need of nothing;' whereas, thou seest he is 'wretched, and miserable, and naked.'"

Rev. iii. 17.

On approaching his couch, the attendant offered him some white linen, which had been prescribed by *the Great Physician*, to staunch the blood flowing from a wound in his side; but the other tore it away, and persisted, instead, to bind it with some squalid rags scattered on his pillow.

In the same recess was a patient of the same name. He was not, like the other, laid on a couch, but was pacing, with haughty air, the floor of the hall in which he was confined. A hectic flush suffused his face—such as deceives the consumptive patient when he mistakes, for a sign of returning health, the token of death. His miserable dress was here and there relieved by a bright patch, or gaudy tinsel, which only made the rest appear more wretched.

"There," said the conductor, "is a deluded maniac, who fancies himself the heir of a kingdom, while he is the most miserable of beggars."

Now I saw that *Faithful*, (for that was the name of the attendant,) approaching, invited *Self-Righteousness* to come to the opposite side of the apartment, where was a large mirror, called the "*Mirror of the Law*," into which he urged him, in vain, to look. "This," continued he, addressing *Pilgrim*, "is the grand means of disclosing to such patients their real condition. So long as they continue 'measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves,' there is little hope of recovery. But by this *Law Mirror* they obtain a 'knowledge of sin,' and become convinced, that unless they have another clothing of righteousness than their own, 'they will in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Among others, there was one of great celebrity in the *Narrow way*, who, for long, gloried in his rags of *Self-Righteousness;* but no sooner did he stand before that *Law Mirror*, than,

2 Cor. x. 12.

Rom. iii. 20.

Matth. v. 20.

bursting into tears, he exclaimed: 'I was alive once, before I came to that mirror; but when its reflection shewed me my vileness, sin revived, and I found myself to be spiritually dead.'"

Rom. vii. 9.

Passing on from these, *Pilgrim* and his conductor stood by an adjoining couch, where was a patient, whose name was *Indifference*. His countenance bore a still more ghastly appearance than those they had already witnessed. His pale cheek and languid eye revealed death to be at hand.

"Thou art madly trifling with thine eternal all!" said *Faithful*, unwilling to pass the couch of the deluded man without a word of admonition. "Thou art hovering on the confines of two worlds! Dost thou not consider that the breath of thy nostrils is all that is between thee and the bar of God?" But, reckless of his situation, he smiled at the fears of his attendants,—received with cold and heartless concern the warnings sent him by *the Great Physician*, and, turning himself on his pillow, pursued his idle song.

At his side lay a miserable man, named *Despair*,—a painful contrast to the other. He was not, like him, insensible to his con-

dition. On the contrary, his groans and cries rung piteously through the hall. *Pilgrim's* attendant attempted, once and again, to mix a soothing draught, and present it to his lips, which would have ministered to him immediate relief; but he dashed it to the ground, wringing his hands, and exclaiming: "Undone! undone!" *Faithful* sought to remonstrate. He assured him that still there was hope; for in representing his case to *the Great Physician*, he had received the reply: "I have no pleasure in his death; but far rather that he would turn and live."

Ezek. xviii. 32.

"No," replied the agonized sufferer, "the medicine which might heal others can be of no avail for me. Let the footsteps of *Death* approach when they may, my doom is sealed, —to dream of recovery is vain."

"Neither thy name nor thy language, unhappy man," said *Pilgrim*, "should be heard here. *Despair* is not a word for earth. It is known only in the bottomless pit. *Giant Despair* is the gloomy Warder of that place where hope never enters; and it is only when he turns his key, and leaves you in the blackness of eternal darkness, that

you can disbelieve the efficacy of *the Great Physician*. He is now able to save 'even to the uttermost.' Where is the patient He has either failed or refused to cure?"

Heb. vii. 25.

But the man would not listen to expostulation. He wrapped himself in his bedclothes, again wrung his hands, and cried louder than ever: "Lost! lost! lost!"

Now I saw that they next stood at the couch of a patient called *Procrastination*, a kinsman of the traveller *Pilgrim* met outside the *Narrow way* gate. He was laid on his back, breathing heavily, and the symptoms of death were fast gathering round his pillow. "This," said the conductor, "is an example of the folly of delaying to adopt the prescribed remedy. Here is a man who received a wound in his hand, which he considered too trifling to demand attention. He urged one night's delay. But delay has only aggravated the suffering. The fatal symptoms increase, and now the venom has spread through the whole arm." "Poor patient!" continued *Faithful*, addressing the sufferer, "will it not be better far for thee, if thy right

Matth. xviii. 8

hand offend thee, to cut it off, and cast it from thee, and to enter into life maimed, than that thy whole body be cast into hell fire?"

"Yet one other night," feebly whispered the other, "and to-morrow I promise to submit."

"To-morrow," said the conductor, "may come; but come too late. To-day, if you will hear the voice of *the Great Physician*, harden not your heart. Behold! now is the accepted time; for, be assured, by another night your pulse will be still, and you will be beyond the reach alike of physician and cure."

Psalm xcv. 8.

2 Cor. vi. 2.

"Well, perchance," replied the other, (unwilling to offend, and yet reluctant to submit,)—"perchance, ere evening comes, I may consent; but 'go thy way, at least for this time; at a more convenient season I will call for thee.'" So saying, he once more closed his eyes, and left *Pilgrim* and his guide to pursue their way.

Acts xxiv. 25

Besides these, there were other sufferers of a different, though more hopeful kind. In a retired part of the hall, dimly lighted

by a grated window, *Pilgrim* beheld a patient, who, although he had been renewed in the spirit of his mind, nevertheless seemed as much in distress as many of the others. He observed that a lifeless corpse (as was the manner with condemned criminals of old) was fastened, by an iron chain, to his body. This he had been obliged to drag behind him during a great part of the *Narrow way*. But the weight was so great, that he had been compelled to take refuge, for a few days, in the *Hospital*, to recruit his languid frame. The dead body appeared in a putrid state, loathsome to look upon,—ever and anon extorting from the sufferer the plaintive cry: "Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?"

Rom. vii. 24.

"How is it," inquired *Pilgrim*, addressing him, "that you have come to be subjected to such an incumbrance?"

"This," replied the other, "is called *Original Sin*. Its weight, as you may well believe, forms a fearful drag in pursuing my journey. So much so, that at times I am tempted to resign the struggle; and yet they tell me, that though it be gradually

wasting away, I cannot expect it to be finally removed until safe within the *Celestial City.*"

"But cannot the *Lord of the Way,*" inquired *Pilgrim,* "at once afford you liberty, by breaking these chains which bind you to this lifeless body?"

"Yes," replied the other, "His power and His compassion are equally boundless; but He tells me that the remains of *Original Sin* will continue to cleave to my earthly nature till the day which brings me safe within the gates of *Mount Zion.*"

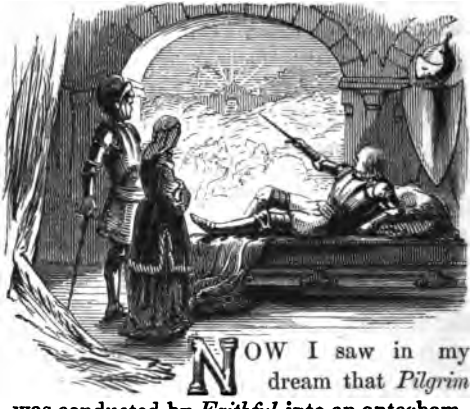
"What were the reasons He assigned for this?" asked *Pilgrim.*

"They were various," answered the other. "To keep me mindful that this *Valley of Tears* is not my home; and to make me long for that land where the chains of corruption, which fetter the spirit here, can shackle and impair its energies no more. Also, to preserve an habitual sense of my own weakness and dependence on *the Great Physician.* But," continued he,—a gleam of joy brightening his countenance,—"the heavier the irons in the prison-house of earth, the sweeter the liberty of heaven.

2 Cor. v 4. In this tabernacle I groan, being burdened; but it is my consolation to think, that that body of sin and death will be unknown when once safe within yonder walls. Oh! for the arrival

1 Cor. xv. 23. of that blessed hour, when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality, and mortality shall be swallowed up in life!"

CHAPTER VIII.



NOW I saw in my dream that *Pilgrim* was conducted by *Faithful* into an antechamber. "This," said his guide, "is a room appropriated for aged and infirm travellers, who, on account of their years, are able to prosecute their journey no farther."

On entering the apartment, he beheld an individual whose locks were whitened with age. The armour, too, which the veteran warrior had still girded on, though bearing the marks of many hard encounters, had

lost none of its brightness. His sword, though exhibiting a blunted edge, yet gleamed with a brilliancy as dazzling as on the day when it was unsheathed in the armoury at the *Narrow Gate*. *Pilgrim* just approached as the last tear he had to shed was standing in his eye. "It is enough!" said he. "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." A placid smile suffused his countenance—his eye was fixed on the gates of the *Celestial City*. While other objects around him were growing dim, this glorious vision seemed to be brightening. "Go on," said he, addressing the stranger,—"go on this *Narrow way* that leadeth unto life, and take the assurance of one who has trod it long, that it is a way of pleasantness, and a path of peace. 'I have fought a good fight,'" continued the departing Saint, raising himself once more, and the last glow of life beaming on his face,—"'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, will give me on that

Luke ii. 29.

Prov. iii 17.

2 Tim iv 7.

day.' We shall meet no more till we meet within the gates of yonder *Celestial City*. Farewell! farewell!" He muttered one parting groan, and next moment was sleeping sweetly in Jesus.

Now I saw that angels were waiting with a chariot ready to carry him to the gates of *Mount Zion*. *Pilgrim* followed the bright retinue until the last of the train was lost in the glories which encompassed the *New Jerusalem*.

Returning again to the chamber they had just left, *Pilgrim* and his conductor approached a patient whose name was *Sorrow*. She was arrayed in a sable mantle, with a tear on her cheek. At her side sat *Resignation*, the same benevolent and pious female whom *Pilgrim* met in passing through the Fiery Furnace. She had a Book in her hand, from whose pages she was endeavouring to soothe her companion, who sat brooding, in silent dejection, over the wreck of some treasured joys.

"This is one," said *Faithful*, "who dwelt, not long since, in an arbour near the *City of Carnality*. It was once trellised and adorned with some of the loveliest plants

which the *Valley* could supply. Shady gourds combined with flowers of various tints and fragrance to spread a covering over her head, and to form a defence from the noonday sun. But, in an unexpected moment, a canker-worm preyed on the roots. One bud alone survived when the rest had perished; but this, too, has just been plucked by the hand of Death, and now, as you see, lies blighted and withered at her feet. Her earthly flowers having perished, she has come here seeking the *Rose of Sharon* and the *Lily of the Valley*, and to have her bosom soothed with the *Balm of Gilead*, which, she has heard, *the Great Physician* applies to bleeding hearts."

Cant. ii. 1.

Jer. viii. 22.

Now I saw that when *Pilgrim* approached, he heard *Resignation* singing, in plaintive strains, the following lines to her companion:—

"Why weep for the beautiful flower,
As if premature plucked away?
Survived had its blossoms that hour,
'T would have lived, but have lived to decay!

But now it has left this cold scene
To blossom in regions above,
Where no storm, where no clouds intervene
To darken the sunshine of love!

Oh! happy, thrice happy, the time,
When again ye shall meet, never to sever,
With that flower, in that happier clime,
To bask in bright sunshine for ever!"

"Yes," said *Resignation*, dwelling on the last words she had uttered; "wait till that day of cloudless sunshine, and in 'God's light thou wilt see light.' Then wilt thou be brought to confess that He was 'righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works.'"

Psalm cxlv. 17.

"'His way,' indeed, seems to be 'in the sea,'" replied the other, "'and His path in the deep waters, and His judgments unsearchable.' But I know 'the *Lord of the Way* doeth all things well.'"

"Yes," said *Resignation*; "He will himself be a richer portion than any earthly one. The Living Fountain will supply the broken cistern."

"I have found it! I have found it!" said the weeping mourner, rejoicing through her tears. "*The Great Physician* has cheered my solitary hours with His own blessed presence, and lighted up this heart with untold joy. I never knew the tenderness of His dealings till now. He seems to be

Heb. iv. 15. 'touched with a feeling of all my infirmities."

"And methinks thou canst bear testimony," said *Pilgrim*, "that thou didst obtain no cordial to heal thine aching breast till thou received it from *Him*."

"None! none!" said the other: "every other earthly joy seemed but a mockery. Earthly refuges were refuges of lies. Earthly comforters in vain sought to soothe my woes. But when I came seeking the balm in Gilead, and the Physician there, He said to me: '*I* will not leave you comfortless. Peace I leave with you, *my* peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth.'"

John xiv. 18, 27.

"What else said He unto thee?" continued *Pilgrim*.

"He told me," replied the other, "what His own precious name once was: 'THE MAN OF SORROWS;' that there was not a pang I could feel but His own holy bosom had been rent with the same; that 'in all my afflictions He had been afflicted.' And when I spoke to Him of my crosses and losses, He answered me in tones of tender

Isaiah liii. 3.

Isaiah lxiii. 9.

Lam. i. 12. rebuke: 'Was there any sorrow like unto *My* sorrow?'"

"I see thou feelest," said *Pilgrim*, "as all His suffering people have felt, that the *Lord of the Way* makes up for the loss of earthly blessings."

Ps xxiii. 1. "I do," said the other. "'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' Many have been my trials; this *Valley of Tears* seems every day truer to its own name; but, God be thanked, amid the wreck of earthly blessings, I have still left

Heb. xiii. 8. the better Friend,—Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

Heb xii. 6. "'Whom the Lord loveth,'" continued *Resignation*, reading still from the volume she held in her hands, "'He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son

Lam. iii 33. whom He receiveth.' 'He afflicteth not willingly, nor grieveth

Rom. viii 28. the children of men.' 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.'

John xiii. 7. 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'"

"'Even so!'" replied the submissive sufferer, clasping her hands,—"'even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.' 'I will be dumb; I will open not my mouth, because Thou didst it.' 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

Matth xi 26.
Psalm xxxix. 9
Luke xxii. 39.
Job i. 21.

Having been refreshed and strengthened, before departing, by the *Lord of the Way*, and again warned of the dangers he would have to encounter in the city which had been pointed out to him from the *Mount of Communion*, *Pilgrim* commenced, with renewed ardour, the journey which yet remained, cheered with the prospect of the glorious crown which the *Lord of the Way* held out as the covenanted reward of the "faithful unto death."

Rev. ii. 10.

Now I saw in my dream that, before he had advanced far, he was overtaken by a fellow-traveller, girded from head to foot with the Christian armour, whose eye was steadily directed to the gate of *the Celestial City*. So eagerly, indeed, did he pursue

his way, that he would have passed *Pilgrim* unobserved, had not his attention been arrested by one of the Songs of Zion, with which the latter was cheering himself in a solitary part of the road.

"Whither art thou bound, my good traveller?" inquired the stranger, addressing *Pilgrim*. "Methinks, from thine attire, as well as thy song, thou art a brother journeying to *Immanuel's land*."

"Thou hast conjectured right," said *Pilgrim;* "and I was even now comforting myself with the thought, that so much of the wilderness is over, and that the time is so nigh at hand when these weapons of warfare will be needed no more. I am enfeebled with many wounds; but one hour within yonder gates will make me forget them all; therefore, 'though faint, I am still pursuing,' and have the assurance of my Heavenly Lord and Master, that final victory will at length be mine."

Judges viii. 4.

"Thou speakest well," replied the other, "and as if love to the *Lord of the Way* really burned in thy bosom. So crowded is this *Narrow way* now-a-days with false professors, (ever since a powerful potentate, called

Fashion, took down the wall of separation which formerly divided it from the *Broad way*,) that I cannot but regard with suspicion its reputed travellers, lest they should be *Broad-way-men* in disguise. But," continued he, "I am persuaded better things of you, and things which accompany salvation, though I thus speak. Perchance, if we pursue our journey together, we may prove, by the blessing of our common King, comforters in each other's sorrows, and helpers of each other's joys."

Heb. vi. 9.

"Gladly," replied *Pilgrim*, "will I accept of thy proffered friendship; for truly my spirit quails for fear as I behold the smoke of yonder *City of Carnality* darkening the plain, and when I think of the evils that may likely befall me there."

"Never fear," replied the stranger, "thou hast a stronger arm than that of a fellow-traveller to lean upon, and to conduct thee safe through its dangers. But come, meanwhile, and as we pursue our journey let us recount our experiences of the Lord's kindness, that so we may be the better prepared for the trials which may there await us. Tell me, I pray thee," continued he, "thy

history and fortunes—when it was the *Lord of the Way* in mercy first snatched thee from destruction, and arrayed thee in thy present attire?"

Here *Pilgrim* minutely related the marvellous interposition of the *Lord Immanuel*, as well as the other manifestations of grace he had subsequently experienced. The stranger, at intervals, could not repress his feelings. *Pilgrim* felt his own gratitude heightened and increased in calling afresh to his recollection the wondrous things the *King of the Way* had done for him.

"Be pleased, kind friend," said *Pilgrim*, after he had concluded his own narration, "to recount to me, in turn, the adventures which have befallen thee in thy journey. What is thy name? and what first induced thee to turn thy face *Zionward?*"

"My name," answered the other, "was once *Neglecter;* but it has been changed by the *King of the Way* into *Theophilus*, which, by interpretation, is *Lover of God.* The place of my birth was adjoining thine own, in a village hard by the *Broad road.* I was the familiar friend and companion of those very men thou met with on the way, *For-*

mality, *Church-goer*, and *Almost-persuaded*, and induced, like thyself, to adopt their creed. I thought my own religion, on an average, far above my neighbours'; for I was not a despiser, as most of them were, but only a *Forgetter*. I was not an *Enemy* to salvation, but only *neglected* it, and hence my name."

Heb. ii. 3.

"But were there none of thine own household," said *Pilgrim*, "to remind thee of thy danger, and the consequences of such neglect?"

"Alas!" said *Theophilus*, "it was in my case too true, that a man's foes are those of his own household. My awakened convictions would often have roused me from my sloth had they not been overborne by those who professed most to love me. They told me I was as good as others; that I had apologies which other men had not, from press of business, for postponing the question; and that, if I would only have patience, the time was coming when they would all join me, and seek it in good earnest."

"And how, then," inquired *Pilgrim*, "wert thou at last roused to a sense of thine awful danger?"

"And what said thy family all this while?" said *Pilgrim*. "Did they observe thine anxiety of mind, and make no effort to minister alleviation?"

Job xvi. 2. "Miserable comforters they were," replied the other; "they called me madman and fool, laughed at my childish anxieties, and only invited new guests to banish what they called the fit of frenzy away."

"But I have only interrupted thee. I long to hear the result."

"Well," continued *Theophilus*, "as I lay one night stretched on my couch, a messenger was once more sent by the *Lord Immanuel* to renew his accustomed knockings. Never before were they so long nor so loud; so much so, indeed, that even some of my own family were startled from their slumbers. Now, it so happened that I had two servants in the house,—the name of the one was *Conscience*, and the name of the other was *Will*,—both of whom were roused by the knockings, and ran to the door to inquire the errand of the Stranger. *Conscience* no sooner listened to his words of tenderness and kind expostulation, than she was de-

sirous to grant him admittance; but *Will*, who was naturally of a depraved and obstinate disposition, stoutly remonstrated, and, being the stronger of the two, she put her back to the door, secured the lock, and refused to open."

"Well do I understand the struggle you describe," said *Pilgrim*. "But say on."

"You are acquainted, I presume," continued the other, "with one of the *Lord Immanuel's* servants in the *Narrow way* Hospital called *Faithful*."

"I am," was the reply; "and, methinks, thou wouldst find him as faithful by nature as he is by name."

"Faithful, indeed," proceeded *Theophilus*; "for no sooner was he acquainted with my case, and the strange conflict in my bosom, than he came to assist *Affliction* in her knockings. With a large hammer—called the hammer of the Word—which he wielded in his hand, he broke open the door, stood by my couch with his hands and his lips full of messages of mercy from the Master he served, and never left me until he had brought me to the *Narrow way Gate*."

"But," said *Pilgrim*, "wert thou suffered

to leave without an effort being made for thy rescue?"

"Not so," replied *Theophilus*; "my companions, and neighbours, and friends, came running after me with imploring voice: some entreating me to return—some using threatening—others ridicule—others bribes. My wife and children, with tears in their eyes, upbraided me for my cruel desertion, and employed every persuasive to induce me to return. But *the Lord of the Way* sent His messenger to whisper in my ear: 'Whoso-

Mark x. 29, 30.

ever leaveth father, and mother, and wife, and children, and houses, and lands, for my name's sake, and the Gospel, shall receive in this life an hundredfold, and in the world to come, life everlasting.' 'But whosoever loveth father and mother, or

Matth. xi. 37.

wife and children, more than me, is not worthy of me.'"

"And hadst thou long to wait at the entrance-gate?" inquired *Pilgrim*.

"No," replied the other; "*Free Grace*, the Keeper, was in readiness for my reception. Only one other traveller was at the moment soliciting admission; for the crowd were all flocking down the opposite way

to *Destruction*. The traveller's name was *Waverer;* he was a native of the *border country*, lying between King Immanuel's territories and those of the Prince of Darkness. He had a bundle on his back, containing *heart-lusts*, *heart-sins*, and *heart-idols*, which he too much valued to be induced to part with, and yet he seemed equally reluctant to abandon the way of life. He would willingly have entered, provided he could have retained his bundle; but it was too large—the gate was too strait and narrow to admit it. So he turned down the *Broad road*, and I saw his face no more."

"Wretched man!" said *Pilgrim;* "I remember him well; and I verily think him more to be pitied than any of his fellow-*Broad-way-men;* for he knows just enough of the *Narrow way* to make him miserable, but not enough to give him peace. Let us learn from his sad fate the danger of trifling with *besetting sins*."

"And thou canst, doubtless, add thine experience to mine," said *Pilgrim*, "concerning *the Lord of the Way*, since the first hour thou wert enrolled in His service, that, however faithless thou mayest have been

to *Him*, He has never been unfaithful to thee."

"It is true, it is true," answered the other, the tear again starting to his eye; "often, often have I wounded His loving heart. Often have I fainted and been weary of *Him;* but never has He fainted or been weary of *Me.* It is my consolation, when called to mourn the fickleness of my own heart, that His heart changeth never!"

Mal. iii. 6.

Now I saw in my dream that, as the two fellow-travellers thus continued to encourage one another with mutual experiences of the Lord's past kindness to them, they gradually approached the walls of the Great Metropolis, whose smoke had been pointed out to *Pilgrim* from *the Mount of Ordinances.* It seemed to cast a temporary gloom over their spirits, as they thought how speedily their converse was to be interrupted by the din and bustle of a city of abounding iniquity. But with their eyes uplifted to the *Everlasting Hills*, whose summits were crowned with the glittering battlements of *Zion*, and with a firm confidence in *the Lord of the Way*, they boldly approached its walls.

CHAPTER IX.

NOW I saw in my dream that the *Narrow way* conducted straight through the *City of Carnality;* for the *Prince of Darkness*, who, from the extent of his territories, was called the *God of this World*, had built many cities and villages close by, for the purpose, if possible, of enticing Zionward travellers. And this, at the time of *Pilgrim's* journey, he could accomplish the more easily, as the walls which were wont, in former times, to separate the *Broad* from the *Narrow-way-men*, had been

2 Cor. iv. 4.

in great part demolished. For long there had existed between them a deadly enmity. But the *Prince of Darkness's* vicegerent, *Fashion*, had interposed as mediator between the contending parties. It was now counted no disgrace, as in former times, for a *Broad-wayman* to be ostensibly enlisted in *Immanuel's* ranks. But the others suffered by their guilty compromise; for their intercourse with the *Broad way* travellers had led them to imbibe many carnal maxims and principles, and to conform to the practices of a "world lying in wickedness."

1 John v. 19.

Now I saw that the *Prince of Darkness* had erected his metropolis nigh the extremity of the *Valley of Tears;* and although travellers who had received the Charter at the *Narrow gate* could not fall a sacrifice to his wiles, (being preserved by the special grace of the *Lord of the Way,*) yet many who had given fair promise of seeking Zion, and that, too, with their faces thitherward, were entangled by the snares laid for them in this city, and never advanced a step nearer the *Celestial Gates.*

The shadows of evening were beginning to fall as *Pilgrim* and his companion ap-

proached its walls. Even from the twilight glimpse they obtained, they were awed by its dimensions and magnificence. In the centre, crowning the heights, they beheld a palace, with a royal banner waving from its towers, and many lights gleaming from the windows of its banqueting halls. This, as *Pilgrim* afterwards learned, was the residence of *Freethinker*, a powerful vassal of *the King of the Broad way*, who had been rewarded with ample honours for the service he had rendered to his lord. It was kept by a porter called *Mammon*, who made it his business to exact as large a revenue as he could for the *Prince of Darkness*, whose servant he was. The two travellers trembled as they stood in the presence of this man, who was of a harsh and repulsive countenance. On attempting to pass, he rudely approached them, and, with rough voice, demanded payment of tribute for the King's Highway.

"We are travellers to *Mount Zion*," answered *Theophilus*; "and the *Lord Immanuel*, to secure our admittance there, hath already paid costlier tribute-money than we have to offer. We have not been redeemed,

and the *Celestial City* is not to be purchased, 'with corruptible things such as silver and gold.'"

1 Peter i. 18.

"If ye have no tribute-money," replied the other, "it will be at least needful to leave behind you, in pledge, some part of your armour, which, during your sojourn in the city, will only encumber you; and it will be restored to you on your return."

"Return we cannot—we *dare* not," said *Pilgrim*; "we have our faces *Zionwards*; and woe be to us if we turn back."

Luke ix. 62.

Now I saw that an unseen hand, from behind, touched *Pilgrim's* shoulder, and urged him to follow without delay. He was reluctant to leave his companion without making an effort to secure his safety also, for he still unwisely continued his disputation at the gate. But the stranger behind him was importunate in her demands to tarry not a moment longer; and *Pilgrim*, dreading further delay, followed her footsteps.

After retracing part of the way, he went along, by a narrow path, to a lodge by the side of the city wall. He was conducted

within by his guide, (whose name was *Piety*,) and who there resided with her sister, *Devotion*. They assisted him in brightening his armour, wiped the dust from his sandals, and replenished his scrip with some simple victuals. After which, being warned of the imminent dangers with which he would be beset, and exhorted to "consider *Him*" who, himself once a pilgrim in that same city, 'had endured such contradiction of sinners against himself,' they directed him up the streets to the residence of the *Christian Graces*, at the opposite gate, where he would be again refreshed, and receive further directions regarding his journey.

Heb. xii. 3.

Now I saw that *Pilgrim* proceeded boldly into the heart of the town; and had penetrated a considerable way before he encountered any serious molestation.

Ere long, however, the citizens began to be attracted by the peculiarity of his travelling attire. A crowd followed: some mocking, some deriding; some even lifting the mud and filth off the streets, and besmearing his armour. He tried first to remonstrate with them; then to rebuke and

threaten. With the *Sword of the Spirit* grasped firmly in his hand, he succeeded in parrying off many of the blows aimed at him; their stones and missiles rebounded from the *Shield of Faith*, with which he covered his head; and he felt it no small encouragement when his eye fell on one of the verses inscribed underneath: "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

Ephes. vi. 17.

Ephes. vi. 16.

John xv. 19.

I saw in my dream, that before he had been able to proceed half way through the city, night overtook him. He began to despair of being able to reach the mansion whither he had been directed at the lodge, and which he had intended making his resting-place for the night. Besides, the broad and open street which he had been pursuing was now involved in devious windings, and frequently became so narrow as to create in his mind serious apprehensions that he must have missed his way. When he ventured to make inquiry at the citizens, and solicit their assistance in regaining it, he

was treated with rudeness and incivility; for the *Christian Graces*, and their residence, were, with them, hated names, and their visitors invariably treated with discourtesy.

Now I observed that the *Lord Immanuel* had appointed spiritual *Watchmen*, with the *Lamp of Truth* in their hands, to guide the feet of His people in the way of peace, and to direct erring travellers who had "gone out of the way." Some of these *Watchmen*, indeed, were found unfaithful; many had no *oil of grace* in themselves; consequently, their lamps burned with a feeble and sickly lustre, and the trumpet which hung at their side gave forth an uncertain sound. Others (during

Heb. v. 2.

the age in which *Pilgrim* passed) had so covered their lanterns with painted glass and tinsel ornament, as greatly to obscure the pure light of truth. Others, however, were distinguished for their vigilant watchfulness; ever faithful at their posts, "holding not their peace day nor night."

Isaiah lx. 6.

Their lamps being liable to be dimmed by the smoke of the city, they kept constantly rubbing with the *Prayer-polish;* and when any of the *Zionward* travellers, through weariness, or exhaustion, or sleep, fell down on the street, these faithful ambassadors of the *Lord Immanuel* were heard sounding their trumpet of alarm, and exclaiming: "It is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Rom. xiii. 11.

As they met the *Narrow-way-men* hurrying up the streets, sometimes they would accompany them for a little, to whisper words of encouragement in their ears if they saw them faint-hearted; at other times they allowed them to proceed, with the passing watchword: "ALL IS WELL!"

Now I saw that *Pilgrim* observed an individual with a haggard look running

quickly up to one of these, and asking, in great anxiety of mind: "Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night?" His name was *Anxious Inquirer;* he had been awakened from a slumber of self-security by the *Trumpet of the Law,* sounded by a watchman whose name was *Boanerges.* From that moment he had been hurrying, in a state of agitation, from street to street, and from watchman to watchman, with the question: "What shall I do to be saved?"

Isaiah xxi. 11.

Acts xvi. 30.

"Hast thou found no one, poor man," inquired the individual he now so importunately addressed,—"hast thou found no one to soothe thy troubled breast, and direct thee to the *Narrow way* that leadeth unto life?"

"None! none!" was the reply: "the unfaithful watchmen that go about the city found me; they smote me, they wounded me. They tried to heal my hurt slightly, saying: 'Peace! peace! when there was no peace.' If thou hast any pity for a lost soul, tell me what time of night it is; for I am beginning

Cant. v 7.

Jer. viii. 11.

Rom xiii. 12. to fear that 'the night is too far spent!' Methought, in hurrying along, I heard the tolling of the midnight bell, which seemed to say, as if with a living voice: 'Too late! too late!' and the gloomy warders who met me exchanged the same dismal watchword. Tell me, oh! tell me,

Isaiah xxi. 11. have I yet space to repent? Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night?"

"The morning cometh!" was the answer. "It is not yet come, but it cometh fast. Though thou art at the eleventh hour, yet seest thou how the star of *Hope* still twinkles in the sky? But, haste thee, and follow me. Truly the night *is* far spent! Yonder bell will ere long peal its last, proclaiming that 'time shall be no longer,' and that the hour of repentance is fled!"

So I saw that *Inquirer*, under the guidance of this devoted ambassador, hurried through the crowd in the direction of the gate of the *Narrow way*. The eye of *Pilgrim* followed them till they were out of sight. The promises on his shield reminded him of the glorious recompense awaiting such faithful watchmen as he to whose guidance

Inquirer had entrusted himself. "They that turn many unto righteousness shall shine as the stars in the firmament, for ever and ever."

Dan. xii. 3.

By this time *Pilgrim* had arrived at the termination of a narrow lane, which diverged into two different paths; and it became matter of perplexity to know which to select. As he stood in indecision, he observed an individual coming up to him with a lamp at his side, similar to those he had seen in the hands of the *Watchmen*. It emitted a feeble light; sufficient, however, to shew that the stranger was attired in armour, which appeared similar to his own; and the manner of his address gave him reason to suppose that he was once more to be cheered by the company of a Zionward traveller. But he was mistaken. This man had only a name to live.

His name was *Professor*; he had the *Lamp of Profession* in his hand, but no *oil of grace* to feed it; he had just enough of light to distinguish him from his fellow-citizens, but not enough to let him see the way to the *Celestial City*. Though he had never entered by the *Narrow way Gate*, he had contrived,

at one time, to traverse, like many others, a considerable part of the way with his face *Zionwards;* but he had never got farther than the town of *Carnality*, where he had taken up a permanent residence, ofttimes inviting passing travellers to the *Celestial City* to visit him, and thus had acquired a name for his hospitality. He was one of those whom *Pilgrim* had already frequently met in his journey, for whom he felt deep commiseration, whose pretended love for the *Narrow-way-men*, and partiality for their King, made them hated by the *Broad way* travellers; while they themselves had neither part nor lot with the subjects of *Immanuel*, either in their present privileges, or in their future glorious reward.

Pilgrim, after listening to his conversation, availed himself of his proffered invitation; and deferring his journey to the extremity of the city till morning, accompanied him to his residence to spend the night.

On arriving at the house of his new entertainer, *Pilgrim* found two guests seated at his table, and who, like himself, professed to be travellers to *Immanuel's land.* The name of the one was *Antinomian*, and of the other,

Lukewarm. *Antinomian* had not on so much as a shred of armour; nay, he seemed even to glory in his state of fancied freedom from the self-imposed burdens (as he called them) to which his fellow-travellers unnecessarily subjected themselves. *Lukewarm*, again, was arrayed in the semblance of armour; but it hung so loosely upon him, and he talked so coldly of *the Lord of the Way*, and so slightingly of His blood-bought privileges, that it seemed matter of indifference to him whether he entered the gates of the *New Jerusalem* or no.

Supper was concluded; and *Pilgrim*, being fatigued with the exertions of the day, retired to rest. He arose so soon as morning began to break; and though urged by *Professor* to prolong his stay, he dreaded remaining longer in the company of those whose sentiments so little accorded with his own. Bidding his entertainer farewell, and whispering in his ear, ere they parted, some serious counsel about his imminent danger, and that of his guests, he hastened once more to run with patience the race set before him.

Now I saw that, in prosecuting the remainder of his journey through the city, he

passed immediately under the walls of *Freethinker's* palace, which he had observed particularly on entering. He hurried by as quickly as he could. Above the massive archway which formed the entrance, he saw the words emblazoned: "No soul"—"No judgment"—"No immortality"—"Death an eternal sleep"—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." He shuddered on listening to the voices of the scoffers in the banqueting hall within. They were blaspheming the name of *the Lord of the Way*, and saying: "Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation!"

2 Peter iii. 4.

The porter, whose name was *Ridicule*, stood at the gate, as was his wont, heaping derisions on all the travellers who passed. He called after *Pilgrim*, and invited him to partake of *Freethinker's* hospitality, denouncing all the promises inscribed on his shield as "cunningly devised fables"—*the Celestial City*, with its fancied glories, as a dream—and recommended him to return without delay, and resume his intercourse

with the *Broad-way-men.* But *Pilgrim* only hastened his footsteps, and hurried more quickly past, replying to his solicitation:

Heb. xi. 15,16. "Truly, if I had been mindful of the country whence I came out, I might have had opportunity to have returned; but now I desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."

Walking boldly onwards, he at last attained the outer wall of the city, and, with joyful heart, left its din and bustle behind him. On proceeding a little farther, he found himself standing in front of a gateway leading to an elevated mansion in the suburbs; whereon he read the inscription: "*Here*

1 Cor. xiii. 13. abideth these three, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*." This was the place to which he had been directed at the lodge, by *Piety* and *Devotion*. It was the residence of *the Christian Graces*, who made it their delight to receive toilworn travellers after their passage through the city, to wash their stripes, bind up their wounds, and supply them with necessary refreshment for completing their journey.

Sweet were the hours of converse which *Pilgrim* enjoyed in this sacred resting-place.

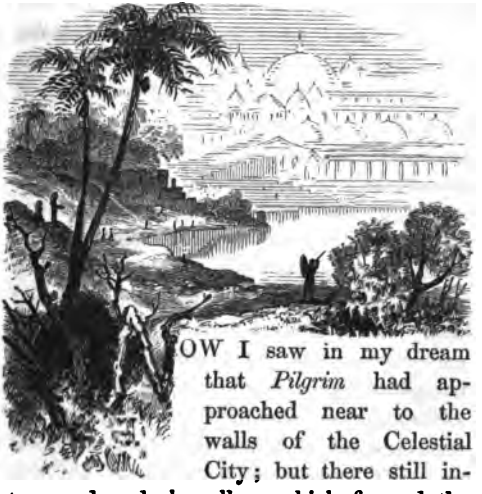
Sometimes their conversation turned on *the Lord of the Way* himself—sometimes on the experience of travellers who had now entered into their rest—sometimes on the glories of the *Celestial City*, whose shining gates, from the elevated situation which the mansion occupied, were full in view. On the top of the house was a balcony, whither he often resorted in company with *Faith* and *Hope*, who directed his eye through telescopes, provided for the purpose, to the battlements of the *New Jerusalem*.

Being replenished, after a temporary sojourn, with what was needful for his journey, and having his shield and armour anew burnished with the *Prayer-polish*, which caused them to shine with dazzling brightness in the reflected beams from the *Celestial gate*, *Pilgrim* once more found himself alone, a solitary traveller, hastening along the *Narrow way*, with his back to *the City of Carnality*, and his face to the *City of Zion*.

I saw that he continued to run with alacrity and joy the race which was still set before him,—his path being like the "shining light, which shineth more and

Prov. iv. 18. more unto the perfect day." The season of trial and vicissitude, indeed, was not yet over. Difficulties and temptations, sorrows and discouragements, were still there, to remind him that the valley which he trod was, to the last, a *Valley of Tears*. But these only made him long more ardently for the day when every tear would be wiped away—every pang forgotten — every sorrow ended, — when the weapons of earthly warfare would be exchanged for robes of glory—faith swallowed up in sight, hope in fruition, and death itself in eternal victory!

CHAPTER X.



NOW I saw in my dream that *Pilgrim* had approached near to the walls of the Celestial City; but there still intervened a dark valley, which formed the only access to its gates. This valley was called the *Valley of the Shadow of Death*, similar in name and appearance to that which he formerly traversed. As he found himself about to enter it, he stood trembling with terror.

Ps. xxiii. 4.

"Be thou faithful unto death," said a

Rev. ii. 10. voice behind him, "and the *Lord Immanuel* will give thee the crown of life!"

"Welcome! welcome!" replied *Pilgrim*, beholding by his side the *Ambassador of the Lord Immanuel*, who had so often appeared to him by the way,—"Welcome! thou man of God; much do I need thy salutary counsel and companionship in so awful an hour."

"A mightier than earthly counsellor is with thee," was the reply. "Though unseen, the only Friend that can avail thee is by thy side. He himself hath trodden this very valley before thee: never yet has one of His travellers found Him to fail. A few brief moments more, and sorrow and sighing will for ever have fled, and thou shalt be in the uncreated presence of the Great King."

"True! true!" replied the other; "the Rom. viii. 18. brief sufferings of this present hour are not worthy to be compared with the glory about to be revealed. One moment in yonder bright world will make me forget them all." And with this he sung to himself one of the sweet strains which he had heard in the Palace of the

Psalmist of Israel: "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Psalm xxiii. 4.

"Yes," said *Faithful*; "no tear need bedim thine eye. This hour which terminates thy wanderings in a world of sorrow, is the commencement of a tearless immortality."

"Amen! even so!" exclaimed *Pilgrim*, as he seemed oppressed with the increasing gloom, and longing for the closing scene,—

"'Even so! come, Lord Jesus!' come quickly! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

Rev. xxii. 20.

Now I saw that they had arrived by the brink of a dark and turgid stream, which terminated the valley. A dense mist hovered all around, so as to obscure from their view, for awhile, the glories of the Celestial City.

"I feel a haze gathering round my eyes," said *Pilgrim*; "tell me, can this be death?"

"Thy warfare is just closing," said *Faithful*. "The gloom prevents thee seeing the portals of glory, though thou art on their very threshold. The passage through this

river will be quickly over. Ere thou plunge in, let thine eye rest, for the last time, on the shield of faith, and read there the promise of the *Omnipotent One*, who will bear thee through: 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'"

Isaiah xliii. 2.

"The darkness yet grows deeper," said the other; "but though I cannot see, methinks I feel the support of arms underneath me. Is it so?"

"These," said *Faithful*, "are the Everlasting Arms, with which the *Lord Immanuel* upholds His own covenant people in their last struggle through the billows of death, so that to sink were impossible."

"But, hark!" said *Pilgrim*; "though mine eyes are failing, and mine ears can do no more than catch up the sound of thy voice, methinks, hard by me, I hear the notes of celestial minstrelsy,—the cadence of unearthly voices is falling on my spirit!"

"It is that of the angels of God," replied *Faithful*, "who are waiting on the other side of the river to carry thee into the presence of the Great King; it is the signal that the *Lord Immanuel's* last intercessory prayer on

thy behalf has ascended and been heard: 'Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory;' and that thy name is now registered among the citizens of Zion!"

John xvii. 24.

"Farewell, then! farewell!" said *Pilgrim;* the last faltering words of earth escaping from his tongue, and embracing in his arms the servant of His Lord,—"Farewell! we shall meet in yonder bright world, where the Master thou servest will not suffer thee to lose thy reward. Farewell, earth! farewell, sin! farewell, sorrow! farewell, tears! Welcome, death!—Jesus!—heaven!—glory!—victory!" With these words he plunged in, and the *Ambassador of the Lord Immanuel* saw his face in the Valley of Tears no more.

Now I saw that angels were waiting on the opposite side of the river to conduct him into the heavenly City. For a time he was lost sight of in the deep waters. Billow after billow swept over his head: at last he was borne in safety through, and thus welcomed by the angelic band: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Matth. xxv. 21.

Pilgrim found himself walking by the margin of a "river, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." The golden palaces of Zion were reflected in its still waters; and trees, waving with eternal verdure, and distilling immortal fragrance, lined its banks. It was called *the River of the Water of Life.* Aged travellers and once toilworn warriors reclined on its margin, and drank its crystal streams. Many of these had been covered with dust, others with blood; but in this placid river every vestige of pollution was taken away; and having washed their wounds, and bathed their temples, they hastened to ascend the *Hill of Zion.* Death-divided relatives were seen crowding to meet them, wearing blood-bought crowns and harps of gold. Joyous were the re-unions!

Rev. xxii. 1.

Pilgrim had now arrived in front of the entrance. The gate itself was of solid gold. The pillars which supported it were composed of jasper and onyx, and all manner of precious stones, which shone with a brightness dazzling to behold. On presenting the Charter, sprinkled with the blood of *Immanuel,* which he had received at the *Narrow*

way Gate, they opened to him the everlasting portals, exclaiming: "Thou shalt walk with the *Lord Immanuel* in white; for thou art worthy!" On being admitted, *Pilgrim* was overwhelmed by the blaze of glory which surrounded him. As he stood entranced in amazement, another retinue of angels came rushing down from the throne, singing hallelujahs, bearing in their hands a crown of pure gold, which they placed on his head, saying: "Thou art come unto *Mount Zion*, and unto *the city of the living God*, to the *Heavenly Jerusalem*, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the General Assembly and Church of the First-born, which are written in heaven, to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect!"

Rev. iii. 4.

Heb. xii. 22, 23.

Now I saw that he was borne away to the Third Heavens, in company with these angels and saints, with shoutings and rejoicings. He passed along through prostrate ranks of angel and archangel, cherubim and seraphim. As he got nearer and nearer the eternal throne, their ascriptions of praise waxed louder and louder. When he first

entered the gates of glory, it seemed as the sound of much people;" as he ascended, it became as "the voice of a great multitude;" higher still, as "the noise of many waters;" till, at last, as the glory brightened, it became as "the voice of mighty thunderings;" and so loud were the deepening anthem-peals, that it awoke me from MY DREAM!

Rev. xix. 1, 6

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